FULL OF BEANS

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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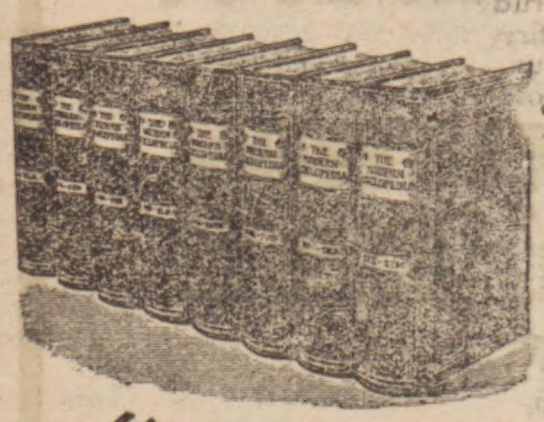

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Miss F. GROVES, Wellington Road, Bridgwater: "I am so glad I tried your treatment. I am now 23lb., and feel so much better."

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Miss M. DUFFOY, [illegible] co. Clare: "You have put me in the right way for a woman to keep a figure. I was, to speak plainly, fat, and now I am taken as much younger thanks to you."

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By means of the arrangement announced to-day, every sufferer from Obesity (lady or gentleman) wherever living and of whatever age or position in life, can try this certain safe House Cure for Fatness free of cost.

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The brain also becomes keener and cleaner, the spirits brighter and more joyous, while carriage, pose, and step all show the improvement in COMFORT and in GENERAL HEALTH which has resulted from the removal of those useless fatty deposits which, when allowed to accumulate, clog up the body and choke the channels of healthy existence.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

99. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 24TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

CK EXCHANGE TERMS.

ORMATION FOR THE OUTSIDE INVESTOR.

working of the Stock Exchange is a mplicated matter, and it is possible deal with only a few broad features. rst great point to remember is that no of the Stock Exchange is allowed tise in any shape or form whatsoever. brokers are divided into two classes: s" and "jobbers." The public deals brokers, while the "jobbers" are ddlemen through whom the brokers they are not allowed to deal direct h other.

if you instruct your broker to buy you dred shares in anything, he goes into se, seeks out a jobber who deals in icular-class of security, and asks him a price for your shares.

oting a price the jobber always leaves a margin of safety. Thus, in this might answer 1 7-16—1 9-16. means that, if you are a buyer, he to you at 1 9-16, relying on being get the shares at a lower figure. But other hand, you are a seller, then he from you at 1 7-16, hoping to sell the ares at a higher figure. This margin is the jobber's "turn," and that is nakes money.

broker, on the other hand, charges much for every £100 worth of so much per share he buys or sells

ull" is a person who buys in the eeing his purchase go higher, whereas " sells in the hope that the stock s will go lower before "Settling

ients are supposed to be made fort- out Sundays and other blank days in- sometimes lead to nineteen-day ac- which are popularly supposed to be

erson is unable to settle or wishes not he may, provided his credit is good, ed to defer settling until the next This is known as "carrying over," the privilege he has to pay certain known as "contango."

a member of the Stock Exchange fault he is "hammered," that is, one ock Exchange waiters ascends a ros- cks three times with a gavel, and that Mr. So-and-So regrets to in- House that he is unable to comply argains, or words to that effect.

mittee of Inspection then takes the defaulting member's affairs and s them.

A. BOLDERSTONE.

CHEEK.

A writer says that the British theatre-going public have no "artistic curiosity." But he has forgotten that they have Hall Caine.

* * *

Mr. Roger Pocock is likely to have trouble with intending bridegrooms. He has been advising girls to marry the "best men."

* * *

A boy who played the cornet during dinner at a popular restaurant recently is Master Shakespeare. A grumpy diner, whose soup went the wrong way as the result of a particularly high note, muttered that he should be Bard.

* * *

The man whose life has the most ups and downs in it is probably the lift attendant.

* * *

Why is a lady cyclist's outfitter an unreliable person? (No prizes offered for correct solution.) Because he makes so many bloomers.

* * *

Mr. John Hassall tells us that "A humorist has to live up to his reputation." It would not be a bad thing if some of them could live it down.

* * *

Thus Mr. Stephen Reynolds, "The aim of divorce, it should never be forgotten, is to make the best of a bad job." In other words, to make a patch in the breaches. What?

* * *

A writer avers that "Though they are soft-hearted, the Salvation Army people are very hard-headed." Chips of the old block, perhaps.

* * *

Of a certain "Summer Annual," the "Oxford Chronicle" says that it "is a very good shillingsworth of light fun." But it is rather a pity that a little heavy fun could not have been added.

* * *

A writer in a contemporary signs himself "Diogenes" and gives his address as "The Tub." Bertie Bonnyboy, who has forgotten his classics but is quite familiar with the Strand, suggests that he should move to "The Coal Hole."

* * *

An innovation for ladies is "The Trained Frock." The trouble, we understand, will be to keep it in good condition.

* * *

Mr. Clifford Cordley says that "Your angler, whether successful or otherwise, is ever an idealist, and a bit of a poet." He certainly should be good at scanning a line.

* * *

"M. A. P." publishes a contribution entitled "Cox for Ever!" Needless to say, we are much moved.

J. S. COX.

"WALKING-UP" PARTRIDGES

THE ONLY WAY THAT IS REALLY SPORTING.

At the time of writing, the partridge-shooting season is in full swing, and there are doubtless a good many of our readers who are lucky enough to have a fair amount of the sport in perspective. But let us hope that the form in which they will enjoy it will be what is known as "walking up."

The man who has been invited to a day's partridge-shooting with a neighbour has reason to rejoice if that neighbour prefers to "walk up" his birds.

A juvenile assistant shoulders your bag of partridges, your host genially suggests that the party should be "getting on," and the guns—there are perhaps not more than four or five—trudge out over the stubble.

Your first thrill and your first disappointment occur simultaneously, when a covey gets up—out of gunshot, perhaps a hundred yards away.

But never mind! Keep your eyes on them, and see where they alight. You've a good sporting chance of coming across them a little later on. There is a hedge in front of you with a fence in it, and opening your gun, you clamber over, keeping a keen look-out all round you, for partridges will get up in the most unthinkable places.

A man on one side of you raises his weapon and shoots, and you look round just in time to see a brace of birds tumbling down. Lucky chap! But your own turn will come before very long.

And it does. Climbing over the next fence, you are in a field of turnips. "We may have a bit of luck here," your host remarks. And as he says the words, the covey that eluded you some time back, jumps up, just nicely in front of you and your nearest companion. Bang! You make the most of your opportunity. Bang! goes your second barrel. Your first brace has fallen to your bag.

"Walking up" has one disadvantage as against beating in this respect. So many birds have a galling habit of getting out of gunshot, and they run rather than fly.

The latter playful habit is considered, by people who know, to be the result of a recent importation of French birds to this country. The French partridge never flies when he can avoid it, and thus shots are few and far between. But sometimes a foreign bird will do you a good turn without intending to.

He scurries over the ground as fast as he can, and, perhaps, startles a covey of English partridges, causing them to spring up, and give you a chance.

H. G. GROVES.

HOW A MAN MAY IMPROVE HIS LOOKS

Beauty is but skin-deep.—NOTORIOUS AUTHOR (but unknown).

Masculine good looks depend largely upon physical strength. It is seldom that you find a man who is physically strong, and who strikes you as ugly.

"Beauty in a woman is strength," someone has said; "and strength in a man is beauty." That hits it off pretty well in a general way.

You go in for athletic sports for the fun of the thing, and to meet other chaps, but also, if you will only confess it, to improve your appearance.

Athletics broaden your shoulders and set you up. They give you a brightness of eye, and a healthy colour. Even the athlete, however, sometimes wants to do a little bit in the way of temporarily improving his appearance, as, for example, when he is going to a dance or some other social function.

CLEANING THE SKIN.

Clearness of skin is the first thing that a man must look to, if he wants to show up to his best advantage.

If you are reasonably healthy, you can secure a clear skin almost at once, if you remove the dirt from your face. This may sound insulting, but it is not so.

No matter how carefully you may wash your face, the skin will still remain dirty, unless you get the pores of it clean, and the only way to get the pores perfectly clean, is by means of sweat.

To clean your face in the most thorough manner, fill a basin with boiling water, strip to the waist, put a towel over your head, and hold your face over the basin, so that the towel hangs down at the sides of it, and confines the steam. This will bring the sweat out all over the face, and every pore will be made clean and fresh. It will be necessary to repeat the process at intervals, as, of course, you cannot keep your mouth and nose above the steam for long, but must lift the towel occasionally to get a breath of air.

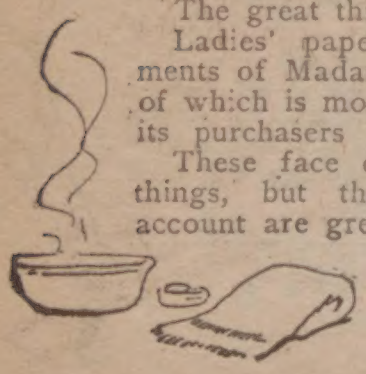
NO NEED FOR PERFUMED "SKIN FOODS."

This is absolutely the best way to put your face into the freshest condition in the shortest possible time, but by giving it a little attention every night, you can still further improve your looks.

The great thing is massage.

Ladies' papers are filled with advertisements of Madame Somebody's cream, the use of which is more or less guaranteed to make its purchasers lovely.

These face creams are made of different things, but the only constituents of any account are grease and perfume.



A man does not want to bother with them. A penny tin of cold cream will last him for several weeks. Apply a little of the cold cream to your face at night, and knead your cheeks with the tips of your fingers, working the skin about, especially where there is any tendency to wrinkles.

Many men have lines running down from their nose to the corners of their mouth, and these lines always look bad.

You can easily remove them by this simple form of massage always being careful to work your fingers outwards and upwards.

SHAVE EVERY MORNING.

Brightness of eye counts for much in a man's appearance. If your eyes are not bright, there is little need to look far for an explanation. Perhaps you are short-sighted, and, therefore, constantly straining your eyes. If so, procure glasses, and wear them whenever possible. Perhaps your dulness of eye is due to late hours, or other causes; if so, the remedy will suggest itself.

Most men at the present time shave, and a man who is keen on making the most of his personal appearance should shave every day, for the slightest growth of stubble will make the face look grey and ugly.

He should also see to the trimness of his hair. To brush your hair well and carefully every morning is not sufficient. You must also see that the hair at the sides of your head is kept trim and short.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE BARBER.

It is the fashion just now to have the hair on the top of your head long, but it is most certainly not fashionable to have your hair long all over. Visit your barber at least once in every three weeks, and make him trim the back and the sides of your head.

Perhaps you take pride in the length of your hair on top, and like it to be long enough to brush right back instead of to one side. If so, tell the barber not to cut it on the top. Remember, that you are getting just as much value for your money by having your hair trimmed at the sides and at the top as if you had cut it all over.

Many men at the present time are spoiling their appearance altogether, by letting their hair grow long all round, instead of on the top and in front only.

KEEPING THE FINGER-NAILS IN TRIM.

Another thing that a man should look to is the trimness of his finger nails. Nothing is easier than to keep your nails in good condition. Soak your hands for five minutes in hot, soapy water, then brush your nails, and press the cuticle back from the bottom of them with the butt of a wooden match.

A man can do much for his appearance by dressing suitably, short men wearing one sort of clothes, and the tall man a slightly different style, but this is more in Captain Saunders's line.

An expensive tailor can usually supply the ugliest man with clothes that will make him presentable, but it is not possible for every man to patronise an expensive tailor.

It is possible, however, for every man to look after his clothes, to fold them up properly, and to brush them well, and cheap clothes that are well looked after often look better than expensive ones that are neglected.

R. L. ROBINSON.

When you are needing anything in the Sporting line, try an advertisement in our Readers' Sale and Exchange on Page 3 of the cover.

SPORTING INJUSTICES.

WHY THE RULES OF SOME SPORTS DO NOT ALWAYS WORK FAIRLY.

In the world of sport Great Britain stands pre- dominant, and she always will, by reason of a spirit which runs in her men's veins to a degree unequalled in any other country—the spirit of fair play.

A qualified British referee officiating at any sport or game presents a spectacle of as great dignity as a judge upon the Bench. He is there to administer the law of the game, and his integrity is unassailable. He is there to see that the best man or the best side shall win, and, to the best of his ability, he does it. In the same way, every spectator who is a sportsman—and sport desires no other kind—views with disgust any lapse from the principle of fair play.

In view of the intense abhorrence, then, that is shown in Great Britain towards unfairness of any kind, it is strange that certain rules governing sport, which often operate inequitably, should so long have escaped the notice of the sporting public.

Some time ago that great athlete and association international, Mr. C. B. Fry, pointed out a feature of the penalty rule in association football which its best friends could not, with the widest stretch of imagination, call fair.

Take the following case as an instance. A is a forward who has dribbled the ball within the penalty area, and looks like scoring. A shoots, but at the moment of his shot he is fouled by an opposing back. A signals the foul, and the referee upholds him. Meanwhile the ball has passed between the posts and scored.

Now, mark what happens. According to the rules of the game, A has to give up his hard-won goal, and his side receives the doubtful compensation of a shot at goal from the spot on which the foul occurred! Does it not appear that such a rule, far from making for fairness, rather puts a premium upon foul play?

The rule dealing with scrums at Rugby, too, would appear to call for some revision, for, as at present constituted, it admits of exploitation by "slim" teams who are unembarrassed by over- much scruple.

For instance, say that one team are stronger than their opponents in the scrum, and on one of these occasions are gaining the mastery.

One of the inferior side sees this. What is easier than to transgress the "foot-up" rule, and so bring about another scrum? In this way a stronger side can, over and over again, be done out of fairly-gained advantage.

Cricket is another game in which points may be mentioned making for a certain amount of unfair- ness.

Dissatisfaction has for years been felt and openly expressed by players at the shortness of the "overs." That ends should be changed after every sixth ball is a system which works adversely not so much to the batsman as to the bowler.

As we all know, a bowler's chief resource in these days of billiard-table wickets is strategy, the art of leading a man on, by repeated deliveries of a stereotyped order, to fall a victim to a sudden change; but how can a bowler adopt such tactics to any advantage, when he has only six balls in which to try them?

If the overs were at least doubled, we should see far trickier bowling, far fewer "mammoth scores," and the interest of the game from the spectator's point of view would be greatly enhanced.

Lastly, one illustration of the "boring and bumping" rule in racing might be noted.

A is a jockey who has drawn the inside berth, B a rider who is on the outside. B jumps off quickly, and, swerving across, takes up a position on the rails ahead of A. A puts on the pace, just passes B, and attempts to regain his lawful posi- tion on the rails.

This action of A's seems fair enough; but it is odds that after the race, he will be charged by B with "boring," and in all likelihood the objection will be sustained.

S. J. STEVENS.

A SEASIDE EPISODE.

THE MAN AND THE CHILD

By A. G. STORM.

uring the last ten minutes crowd of merry-makers which norning long had thronged the beach had ically melted away. Gone were the little -legged children, balloon-like as to centre nent, so indefatigably industrious in their ing and paddling! Gone too their nts, and the young men and maidens, and multitudinous flotsam of humanity which day casts up on the shores of the age-old From behind, across the esplanade, e the intermittent rumbling of gongs. It the hour of the midday meal!

straggler here and there remained. ne, a young man, reclining at ease on the w sand, his head supported by a hand, d dreamily out over the sparkling waves. was hatless. The sun beat down on his dark hair, apparently without causing mfort, and he seemed in no hurry to a move.

t presently a sound disturbed him. was a voice—a voice plaintive with re- ch:

ou're looking *dreffful* solemn," it said. turned his eyes lazily to look. Seated sand-hole a few feet away was a girl- with golden curls, round blue eyes, and ut.

Am I?" he said.

Dreffful solemn," she repeated. "Only people is solemn when a little girl is

'm dreffful sorry," he said. "I was ing. In another minute I should have ed you. Who might you be when you're me?"

'm Patsy," she said; "and I'm six, and serted."

ou're what? Oh, deserted! I say, a dreffful position to be in. Come here ell me all about it."

e climbed out of the hole and came, ing a wooden spade and bucket with her. atted the sand for her to sit down, and did so, hugging her knees with brown hands.

ow, who's deserted you?"

Auntie Edif. She's gone a walk along er young man."

h, she has, has she? And left you here ay by yourself. Auntie Edith ought to lly well ashamed of herself. Which way he go?"

on' know."

What time is she coming back?"

on' know."

Well, it's dinner time. Aren't you y?"

Dreffful hungry," she admitted.

n that case I should run along home to r, without her, if I were you."

an't. She's got my shoes and stockings r bag."

his is worse and worse. Is your home g way off?"

ly home's in London."

mean the house you're staying in here."

on' know. It's up there." She pointed ly.

hould you know the way if I came along showed you? That's Irish, but what n is——"

an't go wivout Auntie Edif," she said. 't go wivout shoes and stockings neiver." stated her disabilities with satisfaction. ut I'm dreffful hungry," she complained. n't you hungry?"

ot particularly. At least I wasn't a e ago, but now you mention it. . . ." studied her pout with concern.

What say if we have dinner here?" He sted. He sat up and stared at her in d elation at the idea. "On the beach— er. Just our two selves!"

oh, ye-s!" she crowed.

But her delight fled.

"Haven't got any dinner," she added disconsolately.

"I know we haven't. But we'll soon get some." He jumped up. "Should you be frightened to stop here a minute? There's a shop just across the esplanade. Or you can come with me if you like."

She thrust out her legs and eyed them with disfavour.

"Can't come wivout shoes and stockings on," she persisted.

"You're evidently a lady with fixed notions," he said. "Well, what do you like, Patsy? Sandwiches—nice ham sandwiches?"

"What's sanwidges?" she asked.

He explained as best he could.

"No, I don't like sanwidges," she said.

"You like cake, I'll warrant."

She shook her curls, gratified at raising difficulties.

"No, I don't like cake," she said.

"Oh, you fibber! Well, you leave it to me. I'll find something."

"I like *tarts*," she stated finally.

He told her again he wouldn't be a minute, and she contentedly set to digging another hole. When he came back there was an absorbed expression on her face which suggested she had entirely forgotten his existence.

But she hadn't.

"I s'pose you been 'serted as well," she said.

"You're right," he said, sitting down with a sigh. "The whole world's deserted me. . . . Now, look there!" He opened the bag and showed her the contents.

She laid down her spade and dived in an arm.

"I eaten four tarts once," she said, regarding the tart intently ere taking a bite. "'N' I was dreffful sick afterwards," she added, nodding her head at him.

"Were you? Then you'd better only eat three to-day."

For a period there was an occupied silence. The man finished first, and reclined at ease, gazing dreamily out over the sea.

"You're looking solemn again," she complained.

"I am in deep despair," he said. "Dreffful despair."

"What's d'spair?"

"You wouldn't understand. A sort of feeling of emptiness which only one thing can fill."

She looked in the bag.

"There's 'nother tart left," she told him hopefully.

"It isn't that," he said, with exaggerated sadness. "The thing I desire is far removed from me—far as that big lazy cloud-ship in the sky. That's only a poetical expression, Patsy, because, really she's within a hundred yards of us. She is staying in a *pension* at our rear, in company with a motherly-looking lady and a peppery papa. For a full long week I've been in love with her—but silently, and at a distance. I am a shy man, Patsy, incurably, accursedly shy. I could no more go up and speak to her unintroduced than—than jump over the moon."

"That's what the cow did," put in Patsy with an air of knowing.

"The cow was cleverer than I am. . . . Listen to my sorrows, Patsy. It relieves me to unburden them; and you've had the tarts, remember."

"I could eat 'nother," said Patsy.

"Then eat away. . . . The worst of it is I have the chance every day. Morning and afternoon she comes out alone and sits in that chair there, reading."

"Which chair?"

"That one."

Patsy watched it as an object of romantic interest.

"I pass and re-pass. I sit near. But never a glance does she cast in my direction. She is unique as a seaside girl. She is unique altogether. She has no attendant suitor—which is a joy to me; but neither does she appear to want one—which is my torment. She has a wise and tender face, and wavy brown hair, and——"

"Wonder where my Auntie Edif is," broke in Patsy, just recollecting.

"Sorry." He sat up. "I was forgetting. Now *I* wonder where she is!"

"P'r'aps she's gone home."

"Without you?—never!"

"Don' care if she has," said Patsy, hugging her knees again. "I know a piece of po'try. Shall I 'cite it to you?"

"Yes, do. But half a minute; won't your mother be getting anxious about you?"

"Muvver's in London."

"Oh, I see."

"Auntie Edif comed to stay wiv us in London and brought me back wiv her. I'm staying at granny's house. I don't like granny much. She says tarts is 'jestable for little girls."

"So they are. But they're nice. Most nice things are indigestible—or inaccessible—in this sad world, Patsy."

"There's my Auntie Edif," said Patsy, without change of voice, pointing with her spade.

"Where? I say, she looks cross. That's because she's in the wrong, and wants to put it on to somebody else. Run along, then. Tell her to watch the time more carefully next time she goes for a walk with her young man. Good-bye."

"Goo'-bye. See you 'gain some day."

She held out a tiny hand.

"The desire is mutual," he answered with mock gravity.

He watched while brown legs were hurriedly encased in black stockings, and shoes thrust on little feet—Patsy making voluble explanations meantime.

Presently he stood up and stretched.

"Ah, well," he said. "Now I'll go a have something to *eat*."

* * * * * * *

He was rather later than usual in getting back to the beach. The crowd of merry-makers had returned. All was colour and movement and gaiety: but he sighed. Lunch—and a hearty one—had not relieved his emptiness.

He made for the spot of his former feast. It was a vantage ground from which—in profile—he could review the object of his adoration.

She was there! But suddenly he turned to fly. She was looking his way, directed by the finger of an excited little girl.

Patsy scampered up. She clutched his coat.

"I'se told her," she cried. "I'se

told her you're awfully fond of her!"

"Confound you!" he said.

She set her teeth and tugged. He could not struggle any longer without loss of dignity.

"You little reprobate!" he said. "What did she say?"

"She said you was—funnee. Come on."

"Come on where?" he asked blankly.

"'N' speak to her. You *got* to. I'se told her you're shy."

"Oh confound!" he groaned. "All right; don't *pull* so."

He put the best face on it he could, and found himself involved in a confused introduction, the outstanding features of which were a pair of dancing eyes and a child jumping gleefully beside him.

"Staying here long?" he ventured, with terrific unconcern.

"Only another week."

"So am I. . . . I say, that's *lucky*."

HINT TO LETTER WRITERS.

There is a prevalent habit to-day among most business people of conducting a certain amount of private correspondence from the office or place of business. From the employer to the office boy most of us have done this at one time or another, and into the question of its pros and cons I do not intend here to enter. The fact remains that it is done.

This being so, it should be done with due regard to one or two little points. Otherwise complications may follow.

Let me give you an instance of what I mean. The other week I wrote to a lady. At the top of the letter I put simply the date under the firm's name and address. I enclosed the letter in one of the firm's envelopes, and posted the letter. It so happened that I put the wrong address on the envelope in my haste.

The postal authorities being unable to deliver the letter, returned it. Unhappily they returned it to the firm, whose name appeared on the outside flap of the envelope. The firm, knowing nothing of the matter, opened and read the letter in all good faith, and at the end of it they found my signature.

The letter was at once sent to me with a word of explanation as to how it came to be opened. Now, all that is necessary to avoid the risk of such an unfortunate occurrence is to put your pen through the name on the flap of the envelope. If the letter goes astray the postal authorities will open it and return it to the person whose name was signed within. They will understand that the crossing-out of the printed name on the envelope means that it has not to be returned to that name, but that the necessary details will, if at all, be found within.

SHIP'S FITTINGS.

One naturally likes to be familiar with nautical terms. Here are a few, with all due explanation.

Davits are made of wood or iron curved at the heads, and are fitted with sheaves or blocks at the upper ends. They are used for hoisting and keeping boats suspended.

Bollards are timber or iron heads to which hawsers are secured.

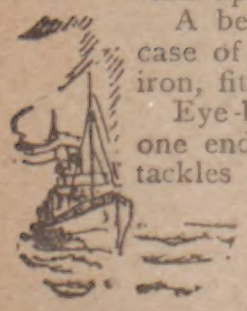
The accommodation ladder is a ladder by which persons coming alongside a ship in boats may gain the deck.

The hawse-pipe is for cable to pass through over the side.

Cleats are made of iron or hard wood. They are fastened to a ship's side or to boats' davits, for belaying ropes. To "belay" is to turn up a rope round a cleat or belaying-pin.

A belaying-pin is a very handy weapon in case of a row. It is a piece of hard wood or iron, fitted in the pipe-rail for belaying ropes.

Eye-bolts are bolts which have an eye at one end. They are driven into a ship's side, tackles being hooked on to them.



SALUTING

HOW, WHEN, AND TO WHOM TO PAY THE COMPLIMENT.

Among the most difficult things that the Territorial, who only spends a part of his life in uniform, has to master, is the art and etiquette of saluting. He is used to taking off his hat in various cases, and he has first of all to remember that a soldier's cap is never raised, and only removed by a defaulter, or by all but the firing party at a military funeral, or under cover.

First a word as to the method of saluting. It is done by N.C.O.'s and men with the hand furthest from the person saluted, or with the right hand if he is in front, and the head and eyes are at the same time turned towards him.

The hand should be brought up with "a circular motion," according to the drill book, but if you watch a Tommy in a smart regiment, you will see that he improves on this and gives a sort of twirl to his hand from the wrist, which greatly increases the smartness of his salute. Also at the beginning of the salute he darts out his hand as if he were "shooting his linen."

The correct position for the hand when raised is with the forefinger about an inch above the eye and the thumb close to the forefinger. The elbow should be in line and nearly square with the shoulder.

Many men completely spoil the smartness of their salute by forgetting to make it in two motions. They bring their hands up and down again like grooms touching their caps, instead of pausing for a second or so at the salute. Of course, when passing an officer this difficulty is avoided, for the salute should begin three paces from him and the hand is not brought down until the man is three paces past him.

A man without a cap on never salutes, but merely comes to attention on meeting or being approached by an officer.

Warrant and non-commissioned officers who wear the sword always salute with the right hand.

A man who is riding a bicycle or carrying anything that prevents his saluting, will turn his head and eyes smartly towards a passing officer.

With regard to the persons and things that a man in uniform should salute, the newest Territorial recruit does not need to be told that he must salute an officer, whether of the Army or the Navy. His rank makes no difference; it is the commission that is saluted.

The colours of a regiment are saluted only when uncased, and the quarter-deck of a man-of-war should be saluted, in case you have occasion to go on board one.

If you are doubtful as to the position of the quarter-deck, you will be safe if you turn towards the end of the ship where the White Ensign—not the Union Jack—is flying.

Always salute the coffin at a military or civilian funeral. It is the only occasion on which Tommy Atkins is saluted.

Ladies of his acquaintance are always saluted by a man in uniform, though not in so formal a manner as an officer. When without a cap he will bow to a lady, instead of standing to attention.

When the National Anthem is played officers stand at the salute, while other ranks stand at attention, the cap in either case not being removed.

Never salute with a pipe or cigarette in your mouth, and if carrying a cane, place it smartly under the disengaged arm.

J. GERVAISE.

A RAINY DAY.

It would take a vivid imagination to think of anything more depressing than a rainy day. But stop a minute, though! We fancy we can. Here it is: A rainy day when you have a bad cold in the head, or when you have no tobacco and all the shops are closed.

THE CAP FOR TRAVELLERS.

There are some who are apt to regard the travelling cap as a stupid affectation. When one sees a man take his seat in a train, remove his bowler or straw hat, and take from his hand-bag a cap to wear on the journey, one is often inclined to sneer inwardly at such effeminate coddling.

But a little more travelling and a little experimentation will convince one that a travelling cap is worth wearing whenever the journey lasts an hour or more. It should, however, be the right sort of cap for the special use for which it has to be worn.

The best railway carriage is not entirely free from draughts when the train is in motion. Thus the hair gets blown about if no head covering is worn.

Then, again, every particle of dust that flies in from the engine finds a convenient lodging in the hair.

Moreover, it is very easy to catch all sorts of aches and pains in the face and scalp if these are exposed to cold rushes of air.

A cap, then, is a real necessity. Since, however, it is solely for comfort and protection, it is useless to get an ordinary hard, peaked, stiffly made cap. As a cap it will be spoiled after one journey, and as a travelling cap it is useless from the first.

What is wanted is a cap with a small, thin peak, and one made to fit the head closely but not tightly. It should be fairly full at the back so that the thickness of cap, lining and padding forms a sort of cushion for the head should you fall asleep and lay your head against the window or window-frame in the carriage, as is often done in corner seats.

The peak should not be large, because you do not want it to catch the wind and be for ever trying to blow away.

As a rule, the cheaper sort of cap is bad. The cap for outdoor wear is far too stuffy, made and too smart for the special needs of travellers.

MEN WOMEN DON'T LIKE.

There are many men who get on tremendously well with the general run of the fair sex, and who are called by the name of "ladies' men." But, on the other hand, there are others whom most women look upon with a disregard that borders on dislike.

There are men who will not be bothered to flatter women. Probably there is one woman whom they are fond of, and who returns their affection. And she suffices them. So they treat other women as though they were casual male acquaintances. Most women like to be treated by men with a masterful admiration; but unconcern is to them nigh unbearable.

SEMAPHORE SIGNALLING.

We print on this page illustrations showing the complete semaphore alphabet, with the numerical and the other signs. We should advise our Territorial readers to cut this page out and affix it to the wall of their bedroom. By studying it while dressing and at similar odd moments they will be able to become quite familiar with the different signs from the point of view of one reading a message.

1

2

C

3

4

E

5

6

G

7

8

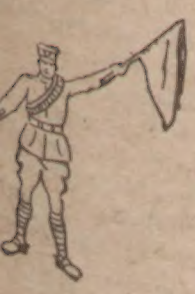
I

9

Alphabetical Sign.

K

O



M

The semaphore alphabet is based on a series of "circles," which the beginner will easily distinguish by practising the alphabet from the beginning.

In the letters from A to G one hand only is used, the other being kept in front of the legs at the "ready" position. The arms when extended in any of the three positions on either side are always kept stiff, and the end of the flag-stick should extend along the wrist, so as to ensure its being in line with the arm.

Ready.

It will be observed that between each of the letters from A to G the arm and flag is moved through an eighth of a circle.

After signalling each letter the arms move by the shortest way to the position of the next, but between words the flags must be returned to the "ready" position.

It is important to see that no confusion is possible owing to the arms being at the wrong angle.

From H to N (with the exception of J) the right hand is stationary at A, while the left is moved round from the position above it, passing through an angle of 45 degrees between each letter. Similarly from O to S, the right hand is stationary at B.

Erase.

For T, U, Y, and "Erase," the right hand is at C; and for the Numerical Sign, J (or the Alphabetical Sign) and V, the right hand is at D. Y, and Z must not be confused with K, O, I, Q, and H. They are made on the opposite side of the body.

Flags are not, of course, necessary, and if they are not available, the letters can be signalled with the arms alone.

In the Navy the same alphabet is used, the message being sent by means of a "semaphore" like a two-armed railway signal.

The flags generally used in the Army for semaphore signalling are of blue and white divided diagonally, but all-blue or all-white flags are also used according to the background.

Semaphore signallers always face each other, and a good background is essential. Signals can be read at three miles with glasses. The numerical sign is followed by any of the A to K (excluding J) figures. The alphabetical sign (J) is given when letters again call up another station place the arms at J and wave the flags from the wrists. R signifies a full stop, or when sent by the reader means that a word has not been read correctly.

Numerical Sign.

When signalling letters which bring one arm across the body, turn from the hips in the direction in which the arms are pointing, and raise the opposite heel from the ground.

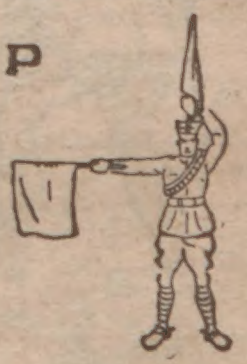
Stretch the arm as high as possible for D and all letters involving this position.

J. T. FARRELL.

N

O

P



Q

R

Stop Signal.

S

T

U

V

W

X

Y

Z

LONG LINE FISHING

THE SEA-SHORE SPORT FOR BIG CATCHES.

Long-line fishing by the sea is good sport. The "basket" is usually large and its contents exceedingly varied.

For wide, flat, sandy beaches a sand-line is best. You want about three hundred yards of stout sea-fishing line, to which are fitted some fifty round-bent tinned hooks (No. 3/0 is a good size). These should be attached to the line by about eighteen inches of white cord or hemp-snooding, and there should be about six feet between each hook.

For a sinker use a heavy stone, weighing, say, twenty-eight pounds. This should be attached to the end of your line by ordinary twine, so that if you want to haul in at high water, it will break, leaving the sinker behind. It can then be recovered at low tide, though you will probably have to dig for it.

SETTING THE LONG LINE.

The hooks are baited with sand-launce, mud-worm, whelk, and other marine "delicacies."

There are two way of setting the long-line. One is to walk out seawards at low tide to any convenient spot carrying the sinker and coiled line with you.

Having placed the sinker, you walk in shorewards, paying out the line as you go, eventually fastening the shore end to some stout object.

Another way is to set the line at low water, but instead of laying it up and down the beach to place the baited portion parallel to the sea, and then, having taken a turn round a stone or convenient post to bring the unbaited portion straight into shore, fastening it above high-water mark.

The Circus Line or Traveller.

The advantage of this method is that when the tide rises, the whole of the baited portion of the line is left in deep water, and you thus have a better chance of big fish.

THE "CIRCUS" METHOD.

Another way of long-line fishing is the "traveller" or "circus" method.

Here an iron or brass ring is lashed to a large stone which is placed about a hundred yards out to sea.

At the centre of the line thirty hooks or so are fastened, as shown in the illustration, and at intervals of about three feet.

You fasten one end of the line to some shore object, then walk out, pass the other end through the ring, and return to shore, carrying the line with you. Before doing so, tie a piece of stick to the line between the first hook and the ring, so as to prevent the hook from slipping through it.

Now you will see that you can easily haul in the baited portion of the line and as easily remove your captures, re-bait and haul out again. This means more fish than by the fixed single-line method. An improvement on the ordinary "traveller" is shown in the second illustration.

WHERE NO TIME IS LOST.

Here two stout stakes have been driven into the sand as far out as possible. The stakes are fitted with staples, through which the line is passed. "Stops" are placed on the line, so as to prevent it running through the staples, and it is hooked and baited at opposite ends.

Fishing begins when the tide is half in. The beauty of this arrangement is that when you haul in the outer set of baits to remove the fish and bait again, the inner set automatically goes out into deep water, and thus absolutely no time is lost.

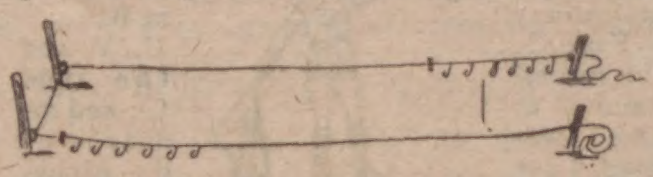
On rocky coasts, deep-sea fishing gives great sport, but a boat is necessary, also considerable experience of the sea and locality.

Professional fishermen use long, strong lines, called "bulters," carrying as many as 500 hooks.

WHEN TO CATCH "WHOPPERS."

The amateur will as a rule be content with "spillering," which is "bultering" on a small scale. Stout conger line is used, and baited with from 100 to 150 hooks, each attached to stout snooding 18 inches in length. Each piece of snooding is then fastened to the eye of a swivel attached to the main line.

One end of the line is fastened by a buoy-rope to a large stone as sinker, the other end



The ever-baited traveller, showing how one set of hooks is hauled out automatically as the other is brought in.

by another buoy-rope to a float or buoy made of fishing cork, surmounted by a flag.

Flood tide is the best time for spillering, and the entrance to a harbour is a good place to set the spiller, as is also a sandy cove near rocks.

The spiller should not be left down more than an hour at a time.

Spillering may be successfully carried on by day, but if you want to catch "whoppers," then night is best. Stronger snoods are then necessary.

BAITING, AND NIGHT-FISHING.

The best baits for spillering are pieces of herring, pilchard, or mackerel. Strips of cuttle fish, whelks, and sand-eels are also good.

Turbot are especially partial to sand-eels or smelts.

Before going ground-fishing it is very necessary to have proper "marks," so that you can readily proceed or return to certain spots where the best sport is to be had. These are best ascertained from some reliable local fisherman.

To take marks, bring two conspicuous and immovable shore objects in a line with one another. Then turn the boat's head a quarter round and get two other landmarks in a line. Jot the marks down in a notebook.

When going night-fishing start in good time, so that you will be able to pick up your marks before it is too dark to see them. When night-fishing, always have a red lamp on a pole, and it is well to have at least one trusty companion.

E. D. WINTERTON.

REMINISCENCES OF A ROLLING STONE.

IV.—THE BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH.

"Who's Who" used to record the "... creations" of the late "Nathaniel Gubbins" as "formerly gambling, now country walks and hedge-trimming."

While I loathe country walks, and have no more idea of trimming a hedge than I have of trimming a lady's hat, I have long since abandoned the card playing which used to exercise a fatal fascination over me.

When I left the home nest, it was to go for Halifax, Nova Scotia. Something had gone wrong with the regular mail steamer, and so the Government sent me out by cargo-boat. There were only two other passengers —a naval sub-lieutenant going out to join his ship, and a Yankee "drummer" (commercial traveller) who kindly offered to teach me poker.

It was the old, old story. At the beginning of the voyage the "gentleman of the road" had the experience, we had the money. At the finish the positions were reversed.

Since then I have played poker and other games of chance and skill in many strange places—round the camp fire on the Rhodesian veldt, in Johannesburg gambling "hells," in Parisian private "circles," and in the smoking-rooms of many an ocean-going ship. I have played with millionaires and with professional gamblers, with Roman Catholic priests, and, last but not least, with two Premier Ministers.

One of these Premiers had the devil's own luck, and if he hadn't been what he was, I should have strongly suspected him of "assisting" fortune.

Once I know I was hocussed, though I hadn't the sense to realise it at the time. I was home on leave with a pocketful of money, and fell in with some well-dressed men in a West-End bar. They seemed to be all right, and talked freely of public schools and the Service. Eventually we adjourned to the rooms of one of them and played "banker."

I won at first, and then I had a drink, and that was the beginning of the end. I don't know what they put in the whisky, but it had the effect of making me semi-conscious. About seven o'clock next morning I found myself wandering about Kilburn, a place I had never been to before, and have no wish to visit again. I had no recollection of getting there. I was in full evening dress, and without a cent in my pockets, and I felt fearfully ill.

I guess I was an awful simpleton in those days, for the first time I went to a racecourse I was "done" in the crudest fashion.

A well-dressed gentlemanly-looking man got into conversation with me by borrowing my pencil. Presently two other equally presentable men joined him, and began talking in low tones. Suddenly one of them turned excited and rapped out, "I tell you it's 'Saint's' a certainty. I had it straight from John Porter himself and he says ——" then he appeared to see me for the first time, and checked himself, while the other two looked vexed. Then the one who had spoken to me originally turned round and said, "Look here, sir, you have heard more than you were meant to. This is a stable job. You had better stand in with us. Let me put you on fifty." Of course, I assented, and, equally of course, the "Saint" didn't win.

In the course of a misspent life I have learned at least two valuable lessons, the one is, *never* play cards for money with strangers, the other, beware of affable racecourse acquaintances, especially when they are anxious to put you on a "real good thing."

C. G. BULKSLEY.

MPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE SUSPENDED GLASS

By E. WADE LANG.

ddy Linnell toiled up the
l flights of stairs to the top
g, paused at a door, thumped upon it,
ceremoniously entered.
room was misty with smoke; a bright
as burning, in spite of its being a warm
in early autumn; and a big, lazy-looking
as ensconced in the depths of one arm-
with his legs supported by another.
did not attempt to rise.
reddy," he said.
edway," returned the other. "And
heaven you're in!"
dway removed his legs from the arm-
and with a push of his slippered foot,
back a yard.
t," he said.
ddy sat.
m in a fix," he said.
roceed," said Medway, half closing his

might have said that Freddy never came
him unless he was, but he didn't.
st over a month ago," began Freddy—
s a boyish young man with a great
for personal appearances—"I was
home to Clapham after an evening in

ber?" inquired Medway.
h," admitted Freddy.
roceed."
ere was a girl shared the seat with me
of the tram. I didn't know her, but she
rtainly a ripper to look at. I was fool
to look at her several times. She took
ice. . . .
n engaged, as you know," observed
y, parenthetically, "so, of course, I'm
lar what I'm about. Still, a pretty face
attracts me. It's my nature, I sup-

hat happened?" inquired Medway
y.
thing—till the conductor came for the
. Then she said 'Oh!' Not loudly,
d enough for me to hear. I offered my
s, if she'd come out without any money.
worse than that; she'd had it stolen.
lot—ten shillings or so—but it upset
I sympathised, of course. . . . By the
he was not——"
t so," said Medway.
steer clear of them. When a chap's
d——"
d then?" asked Medway.
got off when she got off. She lived in
those streets off the main road—just be-
ou get to Clapham—a good-sized old-
ed house with an inner porch. We
d in the porch some time talking. It
ark. She'd been to visit her sister in
ter——"
that relevant?" inquired Medway,
y.
ly to explain why she was out so late,"
Freddy. A pause. "You'll think
rotten of me," he said, "but I got
her. . . . and she kissed me. . . .
wasn't in a particular hurry to go.
yhow, I *was* just thinking of going
he door opened suddenly, and a man
ut and wanted to know what the devil
me there? He didn't give me much
to explain, but caught my arm and
me and the girl into the hall, shutting
or and locking it. Then he lit the gas.
was a short, square, nasty-looking
well-dressed, with a jaw like a prize-
He said he was the girl's father, and
ed her a question with eyes as sharp as
. Well the girl's answer to that ques-
oodness knows what for!—was a *lie*."
way elevated his lids a fraction.
nour bright, Freddy?" he queried.
my honour it was. I hadn't *thought*
thing wrong. I'm not that sort."

Medway's lids drooped again.

"Proceed," said he.

"I denied it, of course, but the wretched girl began to cry, and the old chap—though he didn't look so old, by the way—dressed me down properly. He was quiet about it, but with a cold sort of quiet which I didn't like at all. To cut it short, he said I should hear more of the matter before he'd done with me. I said he could do what he liked, though I was a bit funky, I can tell you!

"'Let me see,' said he, 'aren't you cashier at the Clapham branch of the United London Bank? And aren't you engaged to a Miss Readel, also of Clapham?'"

"Oh, so he knew all about you," said Medway, idly.

"He seemed to—and it made me sweat a bit when I found it out. I asked him what he meant. He said, 'Never mind, wait and see!'

"Well, Medway, that was a nice hole to be in! How was I to prove that the girl was telling a lie? I daren't even try to prove it. You know who gets the sympathy and is believed in cases like that. Besides the bank is jolly particular about what the staff mix themselves up in. Only a month or two ago a clerk in our office was sacked for indulging in betting. Then there's Gladys. . . . I'm fond of her, old chap, straight I am. You know her yourself. You know she's——"

"Yes," said Medway. "Well?"

"I think I lost my head a bit. I was frightened—I don't mind confessing it. You'd have been if you'd been in a strange house with two people you'd never seen before—all quiet—one of 'em crying and the other ugly and threatening. I—I was fool enough to ask him if he'd take money to let me out. My ideas went no further than that. I only wanted to get out—to—to get somewhere safe."

"How much did you offer?" inquired Medway.

"A sovereign."

Medway smiled subtly.

"He said he wouldn't take ten—nor twenty—no, nor a hundred sovereigns! He said he wouldn't take any money at all; he was determined to show me up. Then the girl put in a word for me—I suppose she'd relented a bit—and she said rather than make so much fuss——"

"What was the figure you ultimately agreed to?"

"Ten pounds. I took it round the next night—two fivers."

"Who received it?"

"Nobody. I pushed it through the letter-box in an envelope. He told me to. It was rank blackmail, I knew, but . . ."

"But what?"

"Well, if I refused he'd got *something* to go upon, and if Gladys heard I'd been kissing another girl—one I'd picked up——"

"Just so, Freddy. And the outraged father has applied to you again for further recompense for his daughter's sullied honour?"

"This afternoon he was waiting outside the bank. He wanted twenty pounds. I told him I hadn't got it. He said he'd give me two days. . . . Medway. This means ruin if it goes on. What shall I do?"

Medway, ever sparse with words, drew a pencil from his pocket.

"Give me the address." He noted it on his cuff. "All right, Freddy," he said lazily. "Look in again to-morrow night."

Freddy, who understood his friend's ways, took his departure.

* * * * * * *

There are some men who spend their lives doing services to other people, receiving neither fee nor thanks. Medway was such a man. He had a comfortable income; he had a wide circle of friends. The friends helped him to dispose of the income. That was his history.

The following afternoon he stood at the corner of a road in Clapham. A small boy came whistling by. Medway stopped him.

"I will give you sixpence," he said, "to go to number fourteen—the seventh house down there—and bang hard on the knocker and run away."

The boy agreed.

Medway strolled leisurely along on the opposite pavement. The thunderous knock was answered. A short, square man looked up and down the road. Medway crossed and spoke to him.

"Mr. Brown, I believe," he said.

"That's my name."

"One time Nat Burnup the boxer."

"How do you know?"

"I've been a regular visitor to the National for many years," said Medway, idly.

"What do you want?"

"To recover ten pounds paid to you by my friend Frederick Linnell." He intercepted his foot at the exact moment to prevent the door being shut in his face. "I should invite me in," he recommended pleasantly.

"I don't know what you're talking about," said the short, square man.

"I will duly explain—on the doorstep, if you prefer it. It is a road much frequented by pedestrians, I see."

He was asked inside. The short, square man locked the door behind him and led the way upstairs to a handsomely furnished room, which overlooked the road.

Medway looked round with appreciation.

"You keep your rooms stuffy," he said. "May I open the window?"

He suited the action to the word.

The short, square man laughed.

"In case you should want to shout for help," he sneered. "You needn't be afraid. I sha'n't hurt you."

"Thanks," said Medway.

"Though I could. . . ." The short, square man doubled his fists and advanced a step, sinking his voice ominously. "Big as you are," he said through his teeth.

"Not you, Nat," said Medway good temperedly. "You've been devoting your money to educating yourself—not to keeping in training."

The threatening attitude of the short, square man relaxed.

"Well, let's hear what you've come about," he said.

Medway succinctly recited details.

"It won't do, you know," he concluded gently. "You must return me the ten pounds. I don't want to have to report the matter to the police."

"Because you daren't," interrupted the short, square man. "Even granting your story's true—which it isn't—you can prove nothing. What brought him here at all? Where's his receipt for the money? A pretty tale it would sound!"

"Notes can be traced, Nat."

"Notes passed on the race-course. I make you a present of the idea if you want to get rid of any."

Medway appeared to be baffled. He looked round again.

"You've got a lot of expensive furniture," he observed.

"Oh, I can guess what you're hinting at. But you're wrong. I'm living here straight and above-board with my daughter, and no one can bring anything against *me*."

"They all say that," murmured Medway.

He crossed to the fireplace and gazed for a moment at the heavy and elaborate gilt overmantel, which reached nearly to the ceiling.

"This must have cost you a pound or two," said Medway casually, spanning it with his arms.

"Twenty quid wouldn't buy it," answered the short, square man proudly.

He gaped suddenly and stood transfixed. With the utmost unconcern Medway wrenched the overmantel from its supports and bore it over to the open window.

He pushed it half across the sill.

"Pay me ten pounds like a sensible man," he said, "or down it goes."

"By hell!" swore the short, square man, recovering from his stupefaction. He sprang forward, only to come out to an abrupt halt as Medway slid the overmantel further outward.

"In a struggle," remarked Medway placidly, "the first thing to suffer will be this. It will cause quite a little commotion in this quiet and respectable street, and publicity is such a nuisance, isn't it? . . . I see you *have* decided to be sensible. Do you carry such a large amount in your pocket, or shall I remain in this position while you fetch it?"

"I've got it here," said the short, square man vindictively. "And damn you!"

Medway smiled.

HOW SMOKERS SMOKE.

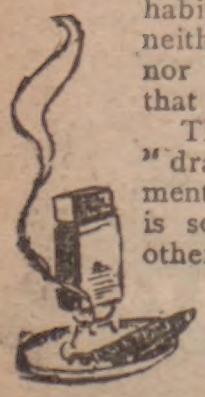
If you watch other men smoking, you will probably be able to deduce all sorts of interesting little things about them. From their way of smoking, for instance, you can generally tell their favourite form of enjoying tobacco.

For instance, have you ever given a man a cigarette, and found him shrivel it down to a stump in hardly more than one or two puffs? You have. Well, you can put that man down pretty safely as a habitual pipe-smoker. He is so used to drawing heavily at the tightly-packed tobacco smouldering in the bowl, that he metes out the same treatment to the more fragile cigarette; with the result that its career comes to a woefully premature termination.

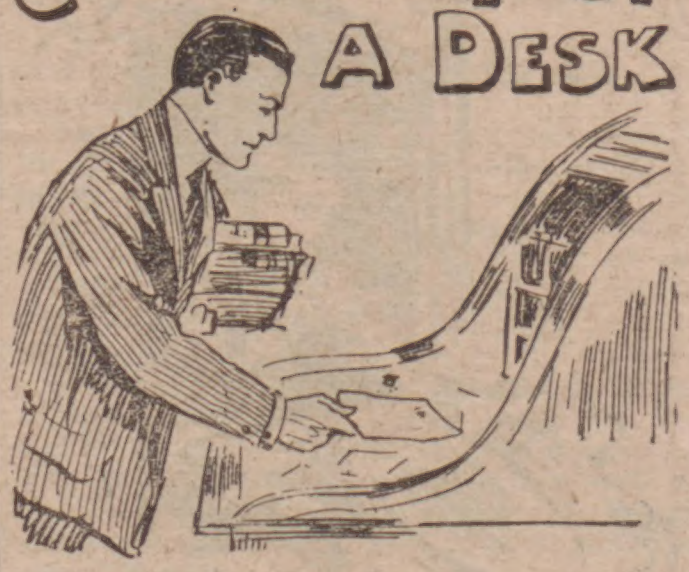
You may draw a similar conclusion, should he allow himself to be smothered in ash.

In the same way, if you see a man puffing delicately at a large cigar held by the hand between his lips, and taking it out frequently to knock the ash off, and so forth, you will not be far wrong in surmising that his habitual "smoke" is a cigarette. He has neither the tight jaw-grip of the pipe-smoker, nor the easy hold of the teeth on the stump that comes in time to every cigar-smoker.

The man who puffs with even, regular "draws" at any kind of smoking "implement" is probably a colourer of pipes. He is so used to it, that he cannot smoke any other way.



CLEARING UP A DESK



A JOB THAT OUGHT TO BE DONE DAILY.

If you asked a workman to do a job for you, and before letting him start upon it, you deprived him of his tools, he would promptly decline to serve you, and would probably refer the matter to his trade union, and possibly arrange for a general strike.

Various trades are well organised, perhaps over-organised, and at present cab-drivers make their own terms, reasonable or otherwise, with their employers; but callings of what have been called the "genteel" type lack that organisation, and a clerk who kicked because he was not supplied with the proper tools to do his work would promptly be sacked by his employer.

The clerk knows this, and rubs along as best he can. But the system is not a good one. It tends to encourage slackness. A man knows that a fresh supply of blotting-paper or of pen-nibs is grudged him, and he tries to do without them, a frame of mind which certainly can never tend to anything like efficiency.

In fact, if you are kept short in the matter of equipment, you find yourself inclined to get slack in other respects, and especially in the arrangement of the things upon your desk and in the pigeon-holes of it.

There are several big men in the business world, who make a practice of starting work each morning on a table which bears nothing but a blotting pad, some scribbling paper, a pot of ink, and a pen holder.

There is a good deal to be said for their system. But they have a secretary to look after them, and a secretary is a luxury which the average clerical worker does not possess. The average man with a desk has to look after it himself, and it pays him to keep his desk clear, even if doing so occupies a few minutes after the time for knocking off work.

You should have a pigeon-hole or a drawer in which to keep everything of a private character. Letters arrive for you addressed to the office which deal with purely private matters, and it only wastes time if you allow these letters to get mixed up with those connected with your business. By keeping them in a separate place you know exactly where they are when you want to find them.

Loose papers of every description should be sorted out at the end of each day, and fixed with clips or with rubber bands, according to some definite scheme.

Another point on keeping your desk in comfortable working order is to see that all your pencils are sharp and your pens serviceable, and that you have several of them. It is a good plan to sharpen your pencils every night before you leave.

When leaving the office, it always seems simpler to wait until next morning to do these things, but if you put them off, you waste some of the energy that the morning gives you.

J. HARROWBY.

ECHOES OF GREAT FIGHTS.

II.—F. P. SLAVIN v. PETER JACKSON.

In the opinion of Mr. Eugene Corri, well-known boxing referee, the greatest prize fight—beg pardon, contest—of modern times was the ever-memorable battle between Francis P. Slavin, the Irish-Australian, and Peter Jackson, the negro, which took place at the National Sporting Club, London, on the night of May 30, 1892.

Mr. Corri awards the palm to this match for the excitement—almost to the last round there was "nothing in it," first one man and then the other being "on top"—for the splendid science and pluck of both men, and for the magnificent sportsmanship displayed throughout the battle.

There was no taunting, such as Johnson let off on Tommy Burns, no shady tricks; for as Peter's colour it was a case of two "white men" facing each other, and they fought as white men should.

The black was the heavier man by 7lb., and he looked all of it, and even more. Still Slavin, who peeled at 13st. 3lb., was a great figure of a man, and there was fire and resolution in his eye and stern features.

Slavin almost finished the fight in the first round. A terrific uppercut missed Peter's ebony jaw by the merest shade.

Then it was Peter's turn, and the second round saw such hitting as had never been seen before in the N.S.C. Slavin got the worst of it, and his great hairy chest was soon soaked with blood.

But the third round was even more terrific. By common consent the two men dropped fainting, stood toe to toe and, like two battleships of old, fired broadside after broadside.

In the fourth round Peter got his chance and put his left in Slavin's belly. He put it there with such force that Slavin doubled up in agony. It was any odds on Jackson, and he went in to finish his man.

Slavin was rocking, but he kept cool. Guarding his stomach, he let the black hit as the face as he liked. Then he ducked, and with all his force drove his right into Peter's bread-basket. The black turned almost white. He reeled and staggered. He was beaten, or rather he would have been beaten had Slavin kept his head in victory as he had done when defeat was imminent.

Jackson's guard was gone. One more body blow would have settled him. But Slavin tried for the point of the chin, and with marvellous cleverness, Peter ducked and dodged his chin out of danger.

And so the fight swayed backwards and forwards until the tenth round. Slavin was going weak, but Peter had been terribly punished about the body. One more stomach punch would have been fatal to him.

But Slavin never got the chance. A lightning uppercut at last reached his chin, his knees gave way, his arms dropped. He staggered but only as a falling oak. Somehow he managed to put up his fists, and Peter slogged him.

Slavin reeled to the ropes; his eyes were glazed and staring, blood dripped from the pulp that had once been a face; he was whipped, but game, dead game.

Then Peter Jackson, black man, but God's gentleman, turned to the referee and made a gesture which said as plain as words "May I go on?"

The referee nodded. Slavin stood up, shaking like a wounded bull, and Peter measured his distance and struck, a merciful, merciless blow.

Slavin fell, but even then he was not conquered. Time after time he tried to drag himself up. But to the pent-up relief of the audience the fatal "ten" was called, and thus ended the greatest ring-battle of our times.

H. B. FARNIE.

WOULD YOU DO IT AGAIN?

THE CAUSE OF MANY SPORTING FAILURES.

One of the many splendid signs of the ...es among sportsmen has been the keen... is, that has been shown among them, to ... away from what may be called the ...inary channels through which sporting ex... may be gathered and enjoyed.

... have tired of conventional sport, ... and have sought new outlets for ...rgy, enterprise, and what I may call ...rting curiosity, their ever-readiness ..., unconventional, and, if possible, orig... ...periences.

... of the directions in which they have ...d out do not, strictly speaking, come ... the head of "sports" in the same way ... national games are sport.

WHEN A MAN IS "FED-UP."

... been, rather, a case of acquiring new ...es, chiefly of an outdoor character— ...s into which the element of sports... enters very considerably, though the ...lement of competition may be absent ...

... kind of sport I have in mind will ... to most readers. "Fed up" for ... cricket, a man will turn his ... tent life. He will rig himself up ... and dwell there for a season. ... tired of the somewhat cramped ac... of the tennis-courts, he will join with ..., similarly afflicted, and together they ... off on a long tramp, roughing it, sleep... ...where, or nowhere, and putting up with ...discomfort.

... again, he will cut himself adrift from ... usual associations, and will, perhaps, ... have done, and many scores have done, ... way on foot, or by barge, or by ... conveyance, through half a dozen ...

ADVANTAGES OF A CHANGE.

... are but a very few of the more or ... unconventional methods of spending spells ... leisure. It is by no means an exhaustive ... and readers will doubtless be able to ...pply from their own experience or from ... own knowledge of others, a long list of ...periences similar in this, that they are not ...usually recognised ways of enjoying one...

... a man enters upon all such adventures ... these with a boundless keenness. ... central idea of an escape from his ...lar sports and regular mode of life, to ... in the distance offers so many oppor... for the expression of his sheer ...th and manhood, and for the complete ...tion of his always strong spirit of ..., overshadows the minor details ... experience (sometimes bitter) will al... fill into the real picture with unerring ... and severity.

HIS OWN IDEAS.

... actually out upon his dash for liberty. ... form it may take, a man fares ... that comes with a cheerful heart. ... armed with an invincible light... ... and, rain or fine, he goes through ... nights may be, and often are, spent in ...omfort. His food may be primitive, un... ...oury, and unappetising; his opportunities ... a tub, a shave, a change of clothes, at ...quent and regular intervals may be prac... *nil*. In short, all his accustomed habits ... conveniences and necessities may have to ... given up for a time.

... them up cheerfully while out, and ... glories in the sacrifice, because he is carry... ... out a great idea of his own and does not ...nt the cost.

... returns home after a three weeks' ab...

sence. He shaves once more in comfort, he jumps into the first good bath he has had for many days, he gets into clean linen—oh, the luxury of it!—and he goes down to the first comfortable dinner he has enjoyed for nearly a month.

After dinner, warmed with wine, and at peace with his fellows, he recounts many of his adventures with real gusto. He is still convinced that he has thoroughly enjoyed himself.

THE SEQUEL.

On the next day he returns to business, and in a few weeks his great holiday expedition has mellowed down to a pleasant recollection.

And now comes the sequel; and, incidentally, the real test of the good time he imagined he had had.

Ask him if he would go and do it all over again in just the same way.

It is a thousand to one that not one man in a hundred would, with sincerity, say "Yes."

The true sportsman will candidly confess that he is not keen on repeating the experience, though he may not be able to say exactly why.

The whole secret of this refusal lies, as a matter of fact, in his original excessive and misdirected keenness. He made the fatal mistake of supposing that he could throw over at will the three chief points on which every man's comfort really rests in a matter of this sort.

TAKE PRECAUTIONS.

These three points are personal comfort—which includes all such things as baths, shaving, clothes, and so on—food, and sleep.

It is the neglect of provision for the full enjoyment of these three things that will always deter a man from a second effort at "roughing it."

For, let it be remembered by all my fellow-wanderers that it is just as unpleasant to have a bristly chin out in the wild country as it is in Bond Street. It is as wretched to be ill-fed in a lovely valley as it is in the city. And it is as miserable to have no clean linen to get into when camping by the hedge-side as it is when you want to go to the Gaiety for dinner.

If only a man would take the precaution of providing these things by means of diplomatic negotiations (and a little payment) with those among whom he elects to rough it, his unconventional expeditions would lead him again and again away from the town.

By neglecting these things, the keenness seldom survives the one experience when all seemed novel and splendid, and comforts were of no account.

C. E. WATERS.

F.A. AND A.F.A.

SHOULD THERE BE A RECONCILIATION?

It is just three years since a section of amateur footballers broke away from the Football Association, and formed the Amateur Football Association.

The cause, or at least the ostensible cause, of the split was the action of the F.A. in ordering all affiliated Associations to admit to membership all clubs, whether amateur or professional, within their area. Certain amateurs said "No, we won't have this; we don't mind playing with or against professionals, but we object to professionals or officials of professional clubs being associated with us in the government of the game. We want to manage our own affairs, and if you won't let us do so we will go."

The cause of the quarrel is of small importance, but its effects on football are of vital interest.

The position at present is that no F.A. club may play against an A.F.A. team and vice versa, while individual members of one Association may not play with or against members of the other body.

One result of this division is that so-called representative teams are not representative. An F.A. England XI., which excludes the best Corinthians, is not representative of England, and so long as the F.A. and A.F.A. are at loggerheads it will be impossible to pick a team truly representative of our football strength.

True, there is a similar situation in Rugby owing to the existence of the Northern Union. The Northern Union game, however, is a distinct sport, and its professors are not Rugby players.

F.A. and A.F.A. men, on the other hand, play the same game, and thus so far as representative football is concerned one or other is lost to it.

Then the cleavage has had the effect of accentuating the difference between the amateur and the pro., and this is not good for football or sport in general. A game flourishes best when amateurs and pros. play it side by side.

There are amateurs in League football, but not many, and another result of the split has been to make League football more professional than ever.

Then the public have been robbed of what was a great and genuine sporting event, namely, the annual contest between the Corinthians and a selected League team for the Sheriff's Shield.

Not only the public but charity has suffered by the refusal of the F.A. to sanction a renewal of the fixture. It was a meeting which stimulated interest in the game, produced good, clean football, and made for mutual respect and regard between amateur and pro.

Not only the public, but charity has suffered because the A.F.A. teams are restricted in their fixtures, while the F.A. teams have no chance of meeting the cream of public-school talent. The split has tended to make amateur football parochial, and that is bad.

The difficulty is to induce either body to make the first step towards peace. One can sympathise with their mutual reluctance to ing, clothes, and so on—food, and sleep.
sport are concerned, there should be no question of standing on dignity.

The F.A., while retaining supreme control, has given the Leagues practically full powers to manage their own affairs.

Why should not the F.A. extend a similar indulgence to the A.F.A., and what reasonable objection can the A.F.A. have to acknowledging the F.A. as the supreme body of the game?

After all, the F.A. was originally formed by amateurs, and there is nothing to be ashamed of in belonging to it. F. NEWSAM.

THE RACING BACK-END

SIGNS THAT MARK THE DECLINE OF THE SEASON.

With the arrival of the Doncaster St. Leger, the last of the classics, the racing man always realises that the season on the "flat" has passed the vigour of its prime, and will henceforward go steadily down the hill, past the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, until it finds its end after the November Handicap at Manchester.

And just as the hunting man feels a pang of regret at the sight of the catkins in early spring, so does his brother who goes a-racing experience a similar feeling at the conclusion of the Doncaster September Meeting. He knows that the days in which he will enjoy his favourite recreation are numbered, and, what is more, that those days will become noticeably shorter.

WHEN THE EVENINGS DRAW IN.

Whereas, hitherto, he has been able to take his time in getting down to a meeting to see the first race at 1.30 or 2, and whereas he has been able to enjoy himself on the course until six o'clock or so, arriving home just in time for dinner; now he will have to hurry if he wishes to be in time for the first race at 12.45 or 1 p.m., and the winning numbers will go up after the last event at about half-past three.

But it is a poor heart that never rejoices, and the wise racing man's momentary depression at the decline of the season is brightened by certain important considerations that affect his welfare.

It is about this time of the year that the astute backer gets the best chance—if he ever has one—of getting his own back against the industrious and money-reaping knight of the pencil.

MORE SPORTING CHANCES.

For it is at this season, that certain signs and portents begin to be apparent in the racing world, which may be turned to account by those who know how. Practically every racing-stable that has not been doing over well up to the present begins to cast anxious glances into the future, and to put forth special exertions "to get a little com. for the winter," as the saying goes.

This being the case, if you see that a horse ,belonging to a hitherto unlucky stable, has been sent a long distance for a race in which he seems to have not even the remotest chance, you can bet your boots that he is "meant," and take your steps accordingly.

It is at this time of the year, too, that stables try, as far as possible, to weed out their unprofitable animals, so that the selling plates are given much greater patronage. Look up the past history of entrants in such races and you will probably find one here and there, which though repeatedly unlucky among competitors of a good class, still has a fair chance in a race of that particular kind. His owner wants him to win that selling plate so as to get rid of him, and, therefore, he may be worth a small investment.

"Prices," too, show a tendency to lengthen out and become more favourable to backers towards the end of the season. This is because larger fields are the order of the day, for reasons already mentioned.

Whereas, up to the present, small fields have kept the prices low, there is now more scope for speculation, and bookies can afford to lay more generous odds. Thus, to the man who has an occasional flutter on an outsider, scorning the safer method of following the favourites, a better sporting chance is offered just now.

WATCH THE LEADING JOCKEYS.

Another sign of the decline of the flat-racing season is the keen rivalry that springs up between the foremost jockeys, with an eye on the "winning averages." The rider who tops the average list is bound to be eagerly bid for next season by the wealthiest owners, so that more than empty glory is to be won by success in this direction.

This means that there is no slackness, now, upon the part of the leading jockeys. Everyone who is anywhere near the top is out to win, and it is now that the punter who inclines to the "jockeys' mounts" system gets a look in.

In more ways than one, the back-end of the racing season has its good points.

GEORGE BUCKLEY.

THE PRICE OF SUCCESS.

The man who reads those deathless works which appear from time to time, to show young business men how to succeed, cannot fail to notice that an ascetic mode of life is always advocated.

Don't eat much, don't sleep much, don't drink alcohol in any form, don't go to the theatre, always crawl to your employer—that is the advice that is generally given. But if success can only be obtained on such conditions as those, is it really worth while?

OUR PECK OF DIRT.

It is a common, but somewhat unple... saying, that before we die, we must ... peck of dirt. It is a lucky thing that w... allowed to take it by easy instalments. ... seriously speaking, it is a singularly ... saying.

Consider for instance, the large num... men who drink stout. The writer once ... man who worked in a big brewery; ... that man he learned some of the ... making stout.

A word to the wise is enough. If ... must drink beer, choose ale, for owing ... light colour, far more scrupulous clean... has to be observed in its preparation.

Have you ever chanced to pass by the ... of a big restaurant, and caught a glimp... its kitchens? If you have, it is odds t... saying about the peck of dirt has come ... to you with some force.

WHAT IS WORK?

It is a strange fact that almost ev... has a different conception of what wo... Take the case of a brawny navvy, ... hard with his hands from morning till ... If you tell that man that you are a work... the ranks of journalism, he will laugh ... scorn. *You* don't *work!*

And yet, on your side, you feel ... work just as hard, if not harder than he ... The question of what actually const... work is one that every man will ... differently.

BOOMSTERS.

This is, as every discerning person ... realise, an age of "booming." Adve... ment means success in whatever professi... can think of; but, unfortunately, the me... used by the great majority of successful ... to advertise themselves, are not such as ... gratiate them with the average man. In ... words, we do not like the "boomster."

One, especially, springs readily ... mind. He is small, bulbous-headed, ... shapen—and he thinks he looks like Sh... speare. He writes so-called plays on s... subjects, and previous to their produc... engineers discussion on those subjects in ... columns of the newspaper press.

Another member of the same ... essays to interest the public in him, by ... ting his dislike of the harmless, and someti... necessary, whisker. But the funny point ... that so few people care a twopenny explet... *what* he thinks.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain many thousands of potential ... who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an in... duction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, ... gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-p... safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; ... tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to co... price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westin... Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your enve...

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE REFORMATION OF "D" COMPANY

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Now, the name of the regiment which is of the Territorial [illegible], the collective fame, and the order of precedence thereof as set down in the "Year Book" are matters of but little moment, and I am not at liberty so far to break the confidence of the [illegible] who told me this tale. He was himself [illegible] company "C" of the same regiment, but on the [illegible] on which I visited the camp he admitted to [illegible] that "D" were the cracks.

[illegible] a whisky-and-soda in the mess tent [illegible] me round to place where the "D" company was drilling, and having in the course of [illegible] experience seen many camps and [illegible] companies drilling, I must award the palm to that smart lot of men whom I saw [illegible] their ordered evolutions beneath that merciless [illegible] sun. There was no suspicion of slacking. The rifles were moved in the very exactitude and precision of time. They drilled as one man. . . . It struck me, later, as I saw them at their work, that they did everything thoroughly as a matter of honour, and that they would fight, should occasion demand, as men of a regular regiment who remember that there are tattered ensigns at home, up to the reputation of which it behoves them to act.

Therefore I was surprised when the Captain, after the shuffling waiter had brought us once again the cream of the barley and a syphon in the mess tent, said:

"My dear chap, less than a couple of months ago, 'D' Company was a disgrace to the regiment."

He allowed time for his words and a certain amount of whisky-and-soda to sink in.

"You must not think," he went on, "that, because I am a 'C' Company man, I am at all prejudiced. There is a certain amount of determination on to do the right thing among our chaps, and no one is more entirely angry than they are when they read the edict of the critics who say that the Territorial Force is a dead failure. They do their best, I can assure you, with the rotten opportunities placed before them; but you know well enough what encouragement they are given by a Government that really does not desire them—a Government that removes, so to speak, the hem of its garments at the approach of Territorialism.

"To revert to the plain facts as they present themselves in this regiment. Neither 'A,' 'B,' nor 'C' possess the great asset that 'D' Company has, namely, any old-established reputation to live up to. It's a thing that is becoming almost as useful to a company as to a business!

"Well, the old 'D' Company of the Volunteers have been *men* from time immemorial. When one looks over the annals of that old company, it is surprising to see what their men did at Bisley. They were a conservative lot, and I believe that it was considered an honour in our county to hold any place, from captain to private, in the ranks of 'D,' and it was almost like an exclusive club or a Masonic Lodge, so careful were they of whom they passed for membership.

"I have heard it said that a good man has been kicked out of the company for standing [illegible] to a waster. They would suggest that the ranks of another company wanted stiffening by fusing with some good blood. Therefore. . . . You see? Well, the man who received this communication knew well enough that the best thing he could do would be to resign forthwith. You say that is what killed the old Volunteers—this [illegible]quism? Yes, I agree with you—where it was not justified by results. But in 'D's' case they were not only smart soldiers to look at, but smart at their work, ranking among the best shots in Her Majesty's forces in England.

"And when a handful of them went out to South Africa, the enemy knew it when they met them. Steadily, sure, and too proud to show fear, they stuck it and won, or stuck it—and were buried with the other brave chaps when we gathered in our dead.

"Then came the Territorial Forces Act, which, besides being death to the wrong sort of cliquism, abolished also the right sort. Gradually, as they found themselves more and more interfered with, by the peremptory order to fill up with any quality of man that offered or be wiped out of existence, the old members dropped out, age justifying it as far as practical reasoning went—but there were, as you will understand, sentimental reasons also.

"Well, the new lot—the young, the insincere, who had tumbled over themselves to come in on the crest of the tidal wave that swept the country—knew nothing of these things in their right light.

"They merely thought, to use words of their own, that the old 'D' Company had been only 'bloomin' swankers.' 'A,' 'B,' and 'C,' I must admit, were not averse to taking the chance of reviling 'D,' who had held themselves a little aloof when there were nothing but profitless larks on the *tapis*, or when the aforesaid three companies had seized on the excuse of sham fighting to raid the farms and indulge in little cattle-drives—which did good neither to the bullocks nor to the reputation of the three companies. 'D' kept themselves out of these affairs and earned a reputation as hopeless spoil-sports thereby.

"This, then, was the first idea the new personnel of 'D' Company had of their illustrious predecessors. Now I say that in their zeal to shine they very thoroughly reversed the policy of the old 'D' men, and, as is usual in such cases, they went to extreme lengths to do it. Field-days and sham fights found them heroes of cattle-drives; the regimental dance, where their predecessors had behaved with such decorum, was made a tin hell on wheels by the dancing men of 'D.' Crash—crash—crash went the advancing-in-line steps in the Lancers and the ladies were slung off their feet in the wild sets-to-corners!

"Things went on much in this spirited manner until from this comparatively harmless form of amusement they dropped into the systematic undermining of authority, which necessarily follows in the wake of all such excesses. 'D' became the synonym for slackness at drill; 'D' (damn it all!) were going to do as they bally well liked. If, upon the range, a 'D' man wished to pot at a distant collie instead of at the target; well, that was his business. . . . You follow? You catch the tone?

"Well, that was their line . . . and then the annual Company dinner came on.

"Now, this from time immemorial had been quite a Masonic affair. No one was asked outside the men of the Company and the old members, all of whom received an annual invitation.

"It happened that the secretarial work in connection with this fell to a man who, being blessed with understanding, happened to read of this procedure, and incidentally of other annals of the Company, in faded ink-inscribed books all set out with that neatness so characteristic of all that the veterans did.

He issued invitations in the prescribed formula with a request to R.S.V.P. on or before a certain day. In the meantime, making use of these old books, he hunted up the old members. Some were bearded men now, and others showing signs of baldness. They received him most politely; they listened to all he had to say, and—they intimated that they had previous engagements which precluded their attendance at the dinner.

"Mark you, in the old days, nothing short of a repetition of the Flood would have kept them away—nothing!

"The secretary was in despair. He was learning, as the others were to learn, of the contempt in which the veterans held them. He had, of course, advisers in the persons of the older officers of the company, and their tip was to send him to old Bargleby, at one time colonel of the regiment and a 'D' Company man. They saw that if Bargleby would promise to attend, no doubt others would think his lead, as ever, good enough. So Mr. Secretary went to beard the magnificent old lion in his den—his house just outside our township.

"Bargleby was a man who bore a striking personality exceedingly well. He was a type of the perfect English gentleman. A brave, courteous, honourable man, who knew precisely how to treat his household from his wife down to the stable boys, so that all were glad to do the slightest thing for him to the very best of their ability. He had, perhaps, done more than any man to make the old 'D' Company all that it had been. He had dined with them, he had fought with them; he had been happy and sad with them.

"And it was to this man that the secretary went.

"The Colonel, mind you, had been middle-aged when the regiment was young, and it was an old man—but of upright carriage—who received the secretary and listened to his request. For a while he did not give an answer, but spoke of other things. Then as the secretary left he said:

"'I will accept your invitation—but not to the dinner. I shall be there at the toasting of the Company at twelve.'

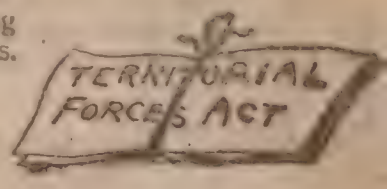
"He was not the sort of man to put in the D.V., which goes without saying where soldiers are concerned, but there were those who said that the fierce spirit was burning itself out now. . . .

"Of this—no matter. The secretary went away happier than he had been for days. The old members heard of their Colonel's decision, said it was 'just like him,' and put off their previous engagements to support him. Moreover, the old colour-sergeant took the secretary aside and informed him of the existence of a most welcome addition to the commissariat—kept in a cellar under the big Drill Hall. Down to this cellar the ex-colour-sergeant conducted him and showed him cobweb-covered bottles of port, old brown sherry, rare sack and canary and such fine vinous stuff that warms the heart of man. It belonged to 'D' Company exclusively—bought out of the funds in the old days. There was a fine stock still remaining—and the secretary's vision of the great dinner became even more highly coloured. It was in this stuff, then, that they 'toasted the Company'!

"Well, the great night arrived, and 'D' past and present turned up in force. The dinner and the concert that followed went with a swing. Rather anxiously the new members watched the big clock creeping on to twelve o'clock, upon the stroke of which it was the ancient custom to toast the Company. But the veterans did not trouble. They knew that their Colonel, having promised his attendance, would be there.

"Precisely at a quarter to the hour there were cries of 'The Colonel! The Colonel!', and every man rose and stood at attention while the grand old man in his mess dress, as of old, walked to the chair set for him at the head of the table.

"Then the Regimental Band received the signal to play the anthem of 'D' Company, which has been sung by dying men on stricken fields.



. . . It swung on solemnly with its three verses until the sonorous finish died away, and in a dead silence the men waited for the Colonel, upon whom the duty of the evening devolved.

"His words fell after a pause — surprising words :

" 'Old members of "D" Company—fall out!'

"Without question they stepped from their places.

" 'Now,' said the Colonel, raising his glass, 'it is my duty to toast the Company—but, by heaven, the present Company is not worthy of the Toast! I will not drink with the set of cads that to-day disgrace the name of "D" Company. By work, by the bearing of men, by reformation, I pray that you may before the next dinner make yourselves fit for the society of *men!*'

"It is said that the men paled under his fierce words, paled and trembled.

"There was the pause of a full half-minute. Then came the voice of the Colonel again :

" 'Officers and men of Company "D," it is thus I toast you!'

"He flung his glass of wine into the centre of the room and looking neither to the right nor to the left, he marched out."

My friend the Captain leaned back in his chair. "The result," he concluded, "you have seen. But as they walked home in silent batches that night they passed the Colonel's groom on horseback. He called out to them that the old man was dead—that he had died on the tick of a quarter-past-twelve!"

TOMMY ATKINS—SWIMMER.

It is not generally known, perhaps, that Tommy Atkins is taught swimming as a parade, but such is the case.

The King's Regulations direct that swimming shall be taught at all stations where facilities exist, parades being formed at the discretion of the Commanding Officer, for the purpose of instruction.

Skilled swimmers in each unit are ascertained and distributed so that there are a sufficient number in each squad to teach the rest.

Small piquets of expert swimmers are told off daily during the bathing season to attend the bathing places to prevent accidents, and a copy of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution's instructions for the recovery of the apparently drowned is to be posted up at the bathing places as well as in every hospital and barrack.

The regulation test of efficiency is to swim sixty yards in fresh water or one hundred yards in salt water, without resting or touching the bottom. When a man has passed this test, the fact is recorded in his "small book" —a sort of small Family Bible in which particulars of his service doings, and so on are kept.

Cavalrymen and artillerymen are, of course, regularly taught to swim their horses.

APPROACH SHOTS AT GOLF.

Good approaching means success at golf, and it is in his approaching that the average player is most apt to go all to pieces.

While different players have different styles, the approach shot should be played off the right foot, that is, the weight of the body should rest mainly on the right foot, which is kept pretty close to the ball, the left foot being drawn back. Delicate though these shots are, an easy swing is necessary, and in no stroke is the "follow through" more important. At the finish of the stroke the head of the club should be pointing in the direction in which you wanted the ball to go.

The distance you take the club back before striking depends on the length of the shot; the longer the shot the further back must you let the club go.

You want to get well under the ball, and to avoid letting the club turn inwards as it descends.

A MAN'S LOVE FOR A GARDEN

WHERE HE CAN THROW OFF THE BONDS OF CONVENTION.

There is no love so firmly and deeply rooted in a man's nature as the love of a garden.

A man may know nothing of gardening; he may be unable to tell a cabbage from a crocus or a rose from a cucumber, but the love of a garden is in him if he is a normal man.

Indeed there is much to be said in favour of the theory that the less a man knows of gardening the more he will love a garden—love it, that is, in the blind, unreasoning way in which he ought.

To the gardener and to the fiend, also, who knows horrible Latin names for beautiful flowers, the garden may be a pleasure; it may be beautiful, it may be successful as a growing or forcing place for things out of their due seasons, but it cannot be the garden in the sense that I mean.

A NOVEL SUGGESTION.

It has often surprised me that our health cranks have not yet started the "garden cure" for overworked, overworried, nervous wrecks. There is a fortune awaiting the man who first attempts a "garden sanatorium."

In addition to being something new—a most desirable and necessary element of success nowadays—the "gardener," or rather the proprietor of the establishment, would have the satisfaction of knowing that he was making a living from one of human nature's most deeply-rooted passions.

He would never lack customers. For different constitutions, he should prescribe different kinds of garden scenery and surroundings and even different seasons of the year.

Thus in spring he would advise the melancholy, the miserable, the depressed, to spend a month among the daffodils and crocuses on the shaven lawns; and so on according to the ailment.

All of which may sound and seem ridiculous; but it is not so. Moreover it brings me to this point. Why is a garden so alluring to all men?

THE CHARM OF OLD CLOTHES.

The truth is this; that in a garden no man living can retain for very long that attitude and appearance of dignity with which he habitually faces the world.

In the first place his conventional clothes are out of place there. Who can busy himself in a garden clad in the "well-cut" clothes that should distinguish a man in Bond Street?

I defy any man to do so. The conflict between his inclinations and his sense of the fitness of things, and the claims of convention would be too strong for him.

The first sign of returning sanity would be seen when he rushed from the garden ransacked his wardrobe for the oldest clothes he possessed.

Old clothes! That is one of the secrets a garden. If you would absorb the full and refreshment of a garden you must old clothes, not the stiff trappings of vention.

While messing around the garden, the possible hat—if any be worn at all—is that is faded, out of shape, soiled and frayed.

THE GARDEN OUTFIT.

The jacket, too, is better for being a button. The strap—if it is Norfolk may hang behind unbuttoned. There pockets in it, and the hands should be explore the inner lining through great

The oldest of old grey trousers, and most dilapidated of boots should garden outfit.

Only thus can a man hope to feel independent of the conventions; only he get close to the secluded peaceful the walks and arbours. In this way he hope to steal about the paths without driving away all the unseen that make the garden "haunted, holy

And having got out of his strait-waistcoat his mind begins to and he thinks for himself, feels for acts for himself; and not as an outside, sorious world would have him think, act.

E. W.

THE STRATEGY OF STUDY.

Probably a good many of our readers engaged in a certain amount of deep whether for examinations, or solely purpose of increasing their knowledge their profession.

Let us advise such men to do their on rational lines. Nurse your brain as carefully as a trainer does his team. it as much work as it wants but no remember that a little done well more than a lot done only half as

THE TUBE TYRANT.

The world moves faster day after the increased rush and tumult of busi is creating what is almost a new The old English qualities of quiet calm seem to be passing away from us. is the age of the hustler.

But there are hustlers and hustlers. the gentlemanly hustler, the man who work at express speed and to the his ability, but without making himself way objectionable to his fellow-men. the other hand, a not uncommon type hustling hooligan, the man who makes body else swear.

Under this category comes the Tube He is either in charge of one of the underground stations or spends his time ing and shutting the gates of the trains. his way of doing this is well-nigh unbe His incessant shout of "Hurry along please!" sounds almost like a curse; way he pushes you in or out and then the iron gates makes even the most pe among us long to kick him.

We would not complain so much hustling not actually dangerous—but The writer will never forget the day infirm old man, on being almost thrown a Tube train, lost his footing, and was along by the train, and badly hurt be could be dragged away.

MAKING A MAN OF YOURSELF

A FEW SUGGESTIONS ON THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

There are people—and perhaps, after all, they are the happiest—who regard their own characters as unalterable, just as they accept their financial circumstances and their social surroundings, but they are not sensitive people. It is not given to every man to accept his character as inevitable, and although the pursuit of his ideals will assuredly give him tribulation, it is well that many of us are made so.

A man may be conscious of many faults of character, such as laziness and inattention to work, but defects of that kind seldom trouble him greatly. What does worry a sensitive man in the most intense degree, is to discover that he is not, and perhaps does not even approach, his own ideal of what a man should be.

THE ART OF IMITATION.

The essential element of manliness is indefinable, but most people are capable of perceiving the existence or the absence of it in others, and if they are conscious of its absence in themselves, it is possible for them to mould their characters to some extent, and so to find contentment. In a word, if you are conscious that you fall short of your ideal you can make a man of yourself if you only go about it in the right way.

Children learn by imitation. They learn to speak and to walk in that way, and it is well known that imitation, in one form or another, is of the essence of education.

The first thing to do, therefore, if you seriously set about altering your character, is to find a model whom you may copy. It is well, where possible, to have several models, and not one only; for if you have only one you are not imitating an individual, but are following a general idea, and thereby give greater opportunity for the development of what individuality you possess.

THE MAN TO TAKE AS YOUR MODEL.

Preferably, the man whom you select as a model is of the healthy out-door type, for that is the kind of man most beloved of men and women alike.

Then make him your friend, and get into full sympathy with him, for otherwise you cannot learn to know him. No matter what your opinion of him may be, there is some point about you he likeable, and it is for the sake of that point in your character that your friend is willing to tolerate you, and make a man of you. You are going to copy him in every possible way, and it is, therefore, essential for you to know that he is a man of the right kind.

You are suffering from the usual complaint when, I guess, when he bursts into your room, and asks you for a country tramp, and urges you to accompany him.

THE HIGH ROAD TO SUCCESS.

More than once you have seen him with cheeks aglow, newly returned from such a tramp, and you have wished that you were made of the stuff that could enjoy such things, but a hundred objections have occurred to you because you are not in training, you have not the time, etc.

Those objections return to you now, and you realise that it would be much better to spend the evening at a music-hall or in a billiard-saloon. Then, suddenly, your inner consciousness tells you that you know that these things are not really better, although you are saying them, and you leave your chair, put on your cap, and go with him.

You are on the high road to making a man of yourself.

It is not to be thought that in athletics only lies the essence of manliness, for it is a matter of mind as well as of body, but, strange to say, the man who indulges moderately and sensibly in athletic pursuits, and who is a manly man physically, is generally a manly man in thought as well. There are exceptions—amongst them a large number of professional athletes and sportsmen—but commonsense tells you the type of man to select as your model, the man who is worth following in every respect, and not in one respect only.

DON'T MERELY PRETEND.

In your conversation with your friend, it is well to open your heart and to speak your mind. The petty thoughts which you entertain, your jealousy of other people, will seem contemptible even to yourself when put into words. Put it all into words.

Give yourself away a hundred times, provided you do so to a friend. He knows and understands you, and a word from him, a look of surprise or an incredulous laugh, convinces you of the absurdity of holding petty views. And absolute conviction is necessary.

If you are merely pretending to hold the views and to have the outlook of those men who are generally considered to be manly, you are not bettering your own character, and your assumed manliness is only a veneer, ready to be broken up when bruised by any sort of opposition. You must make their type of character your own, and the way to do it is to *realise* that your old, narrow outlook is wrong.

A STIFF BATTLE.

Manliness is largely of the mind, and that aspect must not be forgotten. You do not necessarily become a man by taking long walks, by cycling record distances, or by becoming an expert boxer; these things help greatly, but they are not all.

The search for a nobler character is, perhaps, the hardest that a man can set himself. Some fortunate people are born manly, and some are not. The man who is not, and who desires to become so, is worthy of the highest respect, for he is fighting a grim battle.

Above all things he needs pluck—the courage that can accept mental discomfiture as well as physical.

You are thrown from a horse; it takes some pluck to get on to that horse again, but the very fact of resuming your seat on the saddle makes you more of a man.

It takes pluck also to start a struggle afresh, when you have had a rebuff in the way of self-revelation—when, for example, you discover that an action of your own has been an extremely caddish one, and that you have no excuse whatsoever to offer to yourself; then, if you are sensitive, you are disposed to give way to despair. You assure yourself that you are made that way, that you always will do such things, and that no effort on your part will ever make you the man you would like to be.

NEVER SAY DIE.

This despair is part and parcel of cowardice. If you have pluck, you lay the lesson of self-revelation to heart; you determine that never again shall any action of yours seem caddish to yourself, at least; and once more you set about the task of attaining your ideal of manliness.

Often and often you will fail to reach that ideal, both physically and mentally. No man has a sterner critic than himself, and it is by listening to what his inner self tells him that he is enabled to mould his character, and to follow the friend whom he has set up as a model.

The fight is a stiff one. Good luck those who are waging it!

C. WOLFF.

WOES OF THE BONIFACE.

It is a strange but very general fallacy that the manager of a public-house is a highly enviable and prosperous person. At any rate, he is the most favourite butt of members of the "clever brigade" who want to borrow money.

But they would be surprised to learn that the salary of the average public-house manager is one which a clerk in a fairly good position would not care to accept.

And another very widespread idea is that the manager has nothing to do but loaf about the bar looking genial. But there could not be a greater error. Balancing the tills has to be done almost every hour or so, all the accounts have to be entered every day; and once a fortnight he has to calculate to a penny the value of the entire stock of the house.

Besides this, he has to maintain order among a large staff of servants and assistants—not to mention among playful gentry in the public bar who offer to "bash" him if he does not give them another drink.

TERRITORIAL ADJUTANTS.

How are Territorial adjutants selected and appointed? Well, in the first place, candidates must, except in special circumstances, have qualified for promotion to the next higher rank—*i.e.*, if the candidate is a captain he must have qualified for promotion to major.

Then, except for appointment to artillery units, he must have qualified at a school of musketry, and, except in the case of engineer or militia units, he must also have qualified at a school of signalling.

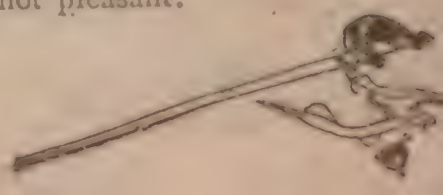
Priority is given to candidates from the line battalions of the Territorial regiment.

The candidate's Commanding Officer must state his opinion as to his eligibility, and certify that he is fully qualified as regards (1) knowledge of the duties of the appointment, (2) ability to impart instruction, (3) horsemanship, (4) physical fitness.

An officer serving at a depot at home, or in India, is not eligible for appointment as a Territorial adjutant.

A Territorial adjutant is not, except in very special circumstances, allowed to resign his appointment for the purpose of returning to his regiment, even when his regiment is ordered on active service.

This last fact undoubtedly keeps many good men from applying for Territorial adjutancies. To sit at home teaching youngsters the goose step when your brother officers are out for death or glory is not pleasant.



MELLOW DAYS.

THE PLEASURES OF CYCLING IN EARLY AUTUMN EVENINGS.

The healthy man is not one of those who begin to bewail the passing of summer as soon as a yellow leaf appears in the elm, and who moans about the sadness of autumn.

There can be no doleful feelings to be found in a season which, in England especially, has of late years been marked by the best weather of the year.

Autumn, from now until well into November, has always exercised a peculiar fascination for the walkers and cyclists, many of whom regard the turning of the year as the beginning of their best time.

And there can be no doubt that the man who gets about in the open air at this season, with senses open to the influences and impressions of nature, has a better time than the man who can only see beauty and feel delight in the spring, or who knows no joy but the listlessness of a sultry summer day.

On the rare occasions when I have treated myself to a new bicycle, I have always delayed doing so until the rush of the summer trade is over and I could take my time and my pick from whatever stock I chose to patronise.

In spite of the care that is exercised in almost every cycle-making firm, and in spite of the tests and guarantees that are now made and given with every machine, there are little differences that creep into every one of them. The buyer who has leisure, and can go thoroughly into details, therefore, stands a better chance of being thoroughly satisfied with his purchase. When the cycle-buying fever is upon one at the first sign of spring, one is impatient of delay, and is willing to take the first machine that comes anywhere near one's requirements, and to make the best of it.

But my present purpose is not to discuss the question of the proper time to buy, so much as the best time to ride; and I plump for the autumn.

To set out for an afternoon's easy ride on a calm, September or October afternoon is one of the most delightful experiences that an open-air man can find. Riding in the modified heat—for it is quite warm in October, on many a day—there is no discomfort. One's clothes do not begin to cling unpleasantly, nor does the brow stream with "honest sweat."

There is something in the autumn that makes a country road peculiarly attractive. Its hedges do not present that impenetrable bank of green to shut one in, but in their first thinning give glimpses of the land beyond, so that a rider has not only the narrow dusty strip before him, but views on either side. But this is not all, or nearly all. The road itself is another road.

The gritty, dusty, baked track of summertime has become firm and smooth and a little sandy perhaps; and at the side, close up to the bordering grass, the cyclist can find a narrow strip of smooth level going on which his wheels make scarcely any impression and no sound as he pedals steadily along, catching every fragrant breath from the yellowing leaves.

The stillness of the early evening strikes the imagination with peculiar force. It is pleasant, after an hour's non-stop run, to dismount in the shadows of a wood and watch the glow of sunset through the trunks of the trees. In the motionless air single leaves drop suddenly to the ground with a light rustle; mists rise over the fields and stretch themselves in level sheets over the grass that is already reeking with dew.

There is no need to hurry anywhere. A handful of ripe blackberries makes your tea, which you eat sitting on a stile and listening to the partridges collecting for the night far out in the open stubbles.

You have not yet fixed your lamp on the machine, and so you wait out in the quiet lane until there is just time to return before lighting-up time.

C. EASTON GREY.

MY NOTEBOOK.

IMITATING OUR POSTERS.

Most of my readers are well acquainted with the brilliant yellow posters with black lettering, which are used to advertise this paper. The selection of the colour for the poster was a very troublesome matter. I had to consider the colours of the posters used by other papers in order that THE MODERN MAN should stand out from amongst them, and there were many other points to be reckoned with, such as the fading effect of the sun and the atmosphere upon the colour selected.

Eventually I hit upon the well-known yellow and black as meeting all requirements.

At the time when I selected it, no other weekly paper used this colour of poster. The sun-bleaching difficulty was got over by a special process in the manufacture of the paper.

Now, however, times have changed. Imitation is said to be the sincerest form of flattery, and so many of my contemporaries have copied me in the matter of using a yellow poster, that six out of every twelve posters exhibited by newsagents are almost the same colour as that used by THE MODERN MAN.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

If you are original and successful in any respect, you will, of course, be copied by others. It has been impossible for my contemporaries to put out any sort of plausible imitation of our literary contents, because nearly all the men who write for this paper are men whose talents I have discovered and developed, and, for the protection of myself and my shareholders, I have made arrangements with the best of them which preclude their working for other weekly papers.

Several of the old-fashioned weeklies have, since the establishment of THE MODERN MAN made more or less clumsy efforts to follow in our footsteps, by devoting some part of their pages to sport, but they have never treated it in the right way; it has never interested their readers, because—but it is no part of my duty to give instruction to my contemporaries, and therefore I had better not pursue further this particular phase of their effort to imitate THE MODERN MAN.

THE MATTER OF DISTRIBUTION.

I am afraid that I should weary you if I went into the details of our system of distribution, for they are purely technical. It is sufficient to say, that in dealing with a paper with a circulation of this magnitude, many special arrangements have to be made, and the success of a young paper depends almost as much upon its business arrangements as upon its editorial policy.

In the matter of distribution we introduced several new ideas, and some of them have been copied, more or less clumsily, by our contemporaries.

In the case of ideas of a general kind, one cannot protect one's self by means of a patent or a copyright, and my policy has always been to let the other side copy as much as they like, and to leave them behind by getting out something better.

I have done so in the matter of distribution, and I am now doing so in the matter of posters.

A NEW COLOUR.

The yellow poster was extremely effective, but it ceases to be so when half the weekly papers adopt yellow posters also. I therefore set about finding a new colour. It is very much brighter and more striking than the yellow we have been using; it is something that will not fade with sunshine, and it is, moreover, a colour which I think my contemporaries will find it very hard to imitate.

There is no other publication w... daily, weekly, or monthly, in this count... in any other, which has this particula... for posters. THE MODERN MAN will, th... fore, again be unique in the matter of post... for some time to come.

I do not doubt that in the course of ... those papers which have tried so har... THE MODERN MAN will get some ... approach to the new colour, but I hope ... when they do so, I shall be able once a... to prove them out of fashion by getting ... thing better.

Most of the posters this week ... printed on white paper, with a speci... of ink, and I believe the novelty will ... appreciated, but next week I hope to ... able to use the first of our new pos... printed in the new colour.

The paper has to be specially milled, ... owing to the special process which it ... goes, it is inadvisable to rush matters.

For the information of those rea... take such a kindly interest in the ... and also for the information of those ... contemporaries who also take an equa... terest, though less kindly, I may say ... yellow poster paper will not ... by THE MODERN MAN.

"THE MODERN MAN" WAR KITES.

I do not know whether yo... much interested in these pu... business matters, but you ... remember that it is difficult ... conduct what is, in a sense, ... one-sided correspondence, and in writing ... weekly chat I have adopted the easy ... system of simply talking about the matter ... interests me most at the moment of wr...

While we are on business topics, how... it may interest my London readers ... something definite as to the war kites ... we have been using to advertise the ...

We have been flying these kit... over various parts of London, usi... lift a gigantic banner, fifty feet ... twenty feet wide, on which appears ... letters the name of this paper.

These war kites are flown by skilled ... tors, and there is no danger whatsoeve... the public, but a rumour is afloat that ... Short Act is being pressed forward to ... vent us from continuing this particular ... of advertising.

The difficulties of business, it seems ... give it more than half of its fascinatio...

You send up a banner five hundred ... above a leading thoroughfare, and re... from one side of the street to the ... You are doing no harm to anybody, but c... one passing along that street looks up at ... banner. Those in authority object. ... boy tells a clerk; the clerk tells an as... manager; the assistant manager tell... chief; the chief reports it to those ... places, and those in high places decid... your form of advertising is objectiona...

If the London County Council suc... getting a Short Act through and thus ... me from flying these kites any longer, ... not attempt either to protest or to cont... their dictates, for, acting on the ... which I mentioned in regard to the ... I trust that by the time that any legal ... tion arrives I shall have found some ... and better form of advertising.

Meantime, however, THE MODERN ... kites remain the latest thing in adver...

Contemporaries are welcome to co... hope they will be able to overcome th... difficulties with which they will find ... selves faced.

YOUR EDI...

Westinghouse Building, Strand, Lond...

MORE LEAGUE MEMBERS.

Those who have not yet joined THE MODERN MAN League could do so at once by filling up the form which appears on page 10.)

ETON (*Cont.*)
J. POOLE, New Street, Merton.
F. SHEFFOTHAM, Primrose Hill, Pinxton.
[illegible] WAIN, Wharfe Road, Pinxton.
[illegible] LANCHER, Junr., Hull Street.

LOA.
[illegible] JOHNSTON, 56, Main Street.

NWICK.
A. MACDONALD, 14, Bondgate Hill.

TENCHAM.
W. CRLARY, 4, Salisbury Terrace.
[illegible] CLEARY, 4, Salisbury Terrace.
[illegible] BARRELL, 3, Regent Road.
[illegible] HOLLINGWORTH, 8, St. Vincent Street, Manor Road.
[illegible] HOLLINGS, 35, Beech Road, Hale.
[illegible] HINGLER, 42, Elm Road.

ELS.
[illegible] LEITCH, Industry.

RSHAM.
[illegible] CLAY, Melrose, Chestnut Lane.

EWCH.
[illegible] BRIDSON, Y Graig.
[illegible] LOWIES, 1, Dinorben Square.
[illegible] HOGAN, Dinorben Square.
[illegible] HOGAN, 4, Dinorben Square.

MANFORD.
[illegible] JONES, Imperial.

LOVER.
[illegible] LEPPARD, 12, Millway Road, Newtown.

FIELD PLAIN.
E. MADDISON, 25, Robert Street, West Kyo.
S. NELSON, 40, Joseph Street, West Kyo.

DELL.
J. LEEMING, 118, Common Side.

LEDORE.
[illegible] C. JOHNSON, Venier House.

ROATH.
J. COLLIER, 49½, Millgate Loan.
[illegible] DAVIDSON, 6, Glover Street.
[illegible] JOHNSON, 22, Applegate.

ROSSAN.
[illegible] ALLARDYCE, St. John's Cottage.
[illegible] MACDONALD, Junr., 18, Winton Street.

LSEY.
[illegible] ARNOLD, Asylum Road.

HALE.
[illegible] ELL, 20, West Main Street.
[illegible] SADDLE.

FORD.
[illegible] EVAN, 137, Christchurch Road.
[illegible] BOILE, The Hives, Willesborough.
[illegible] TAPPENDEN 19, New Rents.
[illegible] WILLIAMS, 5, Norwood Street.

INGTON.
J. RICHARDSON, Woodhorn Village.

TON-UNDER-LYNE.
M. ASHTON, 14, Beauchamp Street.
H. BARBER, 181, Wellington Road.
A. FLETCHER, 27, England Street.
[illegible] HAGUE, Belmont, Richmond Street,
[illegible] KINSEY, Junr., 99, Hamilton Street.

TON-IN-MAKERFIELD.
[illegible] PARKINSON, 59A, Gerard Street.

AN-IN-FURNESS.
[illegible] SKEY, 47, Beach Street.

RSTONE.
[illegible] FEET, Merevale Hall.
[illegible] S. WRIGHT, Merevale Hall Gardens.

LEM.
F. BREWRY, Station View.
A. RICHARDS, Station View.
[illegible] RICKARD, Station House.

SBURY.
[illegible] CALLEY, 25, Albert Street, Victoria Park.

[illegible] CONFORTH, 2, Victoria Road.
[illegible] EDWARD, 3, Charlotte Street.
[illegible] HILL, Marden's Store.
[illegible] FARLANE, 3, Campbell Street.
[illegible] McFARLANE, 26, Queen's Terrace.
[illegible] MACPHERSON, 3, Campbell Street.
[illegible] POLLOCK, 5, Springvale Road.
[illegible] THOMPSON, Junr., 15, Gordon Street.
[illegible] TRAILL, 31, Dalblair Road.

UP.
S. COWELL, Orchard Villa.
[illegible] GRIFFEN, 6, Clay Street.
[illegible] NUTTALL, 6, Plantation View.
[illegible] WHITE, 7, Weir Bottom.

SHOT.
[illegible] H. BURROWS, High Street.

TEBOROUGH.
A. KIRKPATRICK.

LIESTON.
[illegible] LA, 4, West Massyston.

(To be continued.)

NOT A FAIR ADVERTISEMENT.

"I'm the very man you require," said the applicant for a situation offered by a builder. "I can keep my wicket up for nine hours at a stretch, and defy Knox, Smith, or Rhodes to get rid of me in less."

"You've come to the wrong place, my good man," replied the builder. "I don't require the services of a professional cricketer!"

"Then why do you advertise for what you don't want?" growled the disappointed applicant, pointing to a notice, "Good stone-waller wanted. Liberal pay during summer season."

UPPERMOST IN HIS MIND.

A certain minister, an enthusiastic golfer, was greatly upset by the loss of a match which, in its early stages, promised to result in his favour.

But towards the end his playing fell off, and being beaten, the defeat weighed heavily upon his mind.

On the following Sunday, when rising to address the congregation, he announced as his text:

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose the last hole."

NEW AT THE GAME.

BROWN: "Never again will I go fishing with that fellow Robinson. You should have heard the account of our trip he gave at the club last night."

JONES: "Told some whoppers, eh!"

BROWN: "Whoppers! Good Heavens, man, he told the truth."

ANY REDUCTION?

The small boy had been holding the horse's head for five minutes, but the time had been shortened by dreams of at least a threepenny bit, and calculations as to how to spend the newly-gotten wealth.

But when the generous-looking owner of the dog-cart appeared and, diving deep into his pocket produced no silver coin but a well-worn halfpenny, the boy's face fell.

"Aren't you satisfied? Did you expect a diamond ring and a gold watch?" asked the generous one.

"That's all right, guv'nor" said the boy. "I was only wonderin' if you'd 'a' drove up in a four-in-'and whether you'd 'a' paid me 'apenny a 'orse or 'aggled over a reduction for quantity."

THE THIRD ATTEMPT.

Addressing a cockney sportsman, the game-keeper said:

"If you don't hit the hare at the first shot, fire the other barrel at him."

"And if I miss him then," asked the sportsman, "What can I do?"

"Oh—then you throw your gun at him," was the reply.

VERY INSTRUCTIVE.

[It has been suggested by several correspondents that we should break away in a slight measure from the policy of sporting interest and light amusement which we have followed hitherto, and introduce a more instructive element into our pages. We propose, therefore, to devote this space for a week or two to the dissemination of knowledge, and to take by the hand those of our readers who are in need of guidance.—[EDITOR.]

Question: What is the chief argument in favour of golf?

Answer: That is easy, Athrobald. Golf is the greatest comfort of the unemployed, two notable instances being the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons and Lord Kitchener. (*Will* you leave off sticking pins into Clarence? We paid half-a-crown for his knickerbockers only yesterday.)

* * * * * * *

Q.: Can you name the most unpleasant tax in existence at present?

A.: Well, there is the Land Tax, the Tobacco Tax, and the Dog Tax. Yes, and don't forget the tin-tacks! You don't follow? Perhaps not, but the point will readily strike you next time you tread on it. (Egbert, how many more times must we tell you *not* to use the back of your hand? What do you suppose your little hanky is for?)

* * * * * * *

Q.: What is the name of the most famous Scotsman?

A.: Dear! dear! Such ignorance is appalling! Have you never heard of Lauder?

* * * * * * *

Q.: What is the best way to fill one's pipe?

A.: H'm! Ah! Stop a minute! We have it. From another man's pouch, of course.

J. GORDON HOOD.

A Magnificent Introductory Offer.

A DELIGHTFUL ALUMINIUM MATCH-BOX FREE TO ALL BUYERS OF 100 CIGARETTES.

A CHARMING SOUVENIR WORTH 2s. 6d.

There are still some "MODERN MAN" readers who have not tried the celebrated Cigarettes, made by Alexander, Orr & Co. (Cigarette Specialists), and to enlist their sympathies, the manufacturers are making a very bold and liberal offer. The Cigarettes scarcely need any eulogies, for they are of the best quality, made by hand, and have a large following of appreciative connoisseurs. Does the offer as detailed below take away from the value of the Cigarettes? Certainly not. Alexander, Orr & Co. make it because they want **MORE** clients, and their recommendations must tell up in the year. The prices are:—

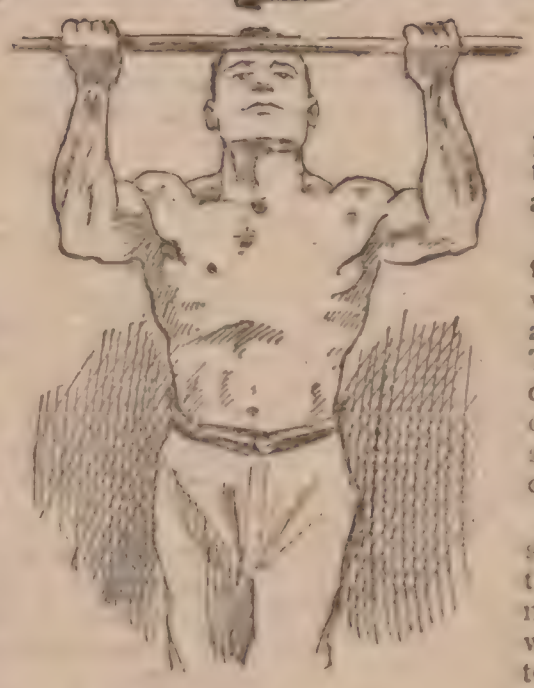
Virginia, No. 14 ... 50, 1s. 6d.; 100, 3s.
Turkish, No. 8 ... 50, 2s. 4d.; 100, 4s. 6d.

To every First Purchaser of 100 Cigarettes of either of these Brands, the Manufacturers undertake to Send at Once, Free of Cost, an Aluminium Match-box of the Best Finish and Quality, with Striker suitable for Safety or Non-safety Matches, and quite free from any Advertisement. A Boon to Every Smoker, and worth 2s. 6d. at any Retail Store.

Make Application AT ONCE, Sending P.O. 3s. Virginia, or 4s. 6d. Turkish, and a Match-box will be sent with the Cigarettes. Do It To-day!

ALEXANDER, ORR & CO.,
24, Southwark St., London.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

EXERCISE IN THE OFFICE

"It is exercise alone that supports the spirits, and keeps the mind in vigour," wrote Cicero.

I suppose the great majority of my readers spend at least seven hours a day sitting at a desk in an office, during which time they indulge in little or no physical exercise.

If every office-worker would devote a regular proportion of his time, if only sixty seconds every hour, to vigorous exercise in the office, a far healthier set of men would represent the city workers. If you exercise yourself sufficiently to get the blood out of the brain a little, until you feel a hearty glow tingling through the muscles, you will return to the desk so refreshed that you will quickly make up for lost time, while the quality of your work will be on a higher level.

I have suggested in previous issues exercises which can be done at odd moments at the desk, but I am referring here to the need for a few seconds' exercise of the whole body.

Strong muscles invariably mean strong nerves, and thus a systematic course of exercise means increased mental activity and goes much towards the making of a successful man.

FOR CHEST, SHOULDERS, AND FOREARMS.

Lie at full length on the floor with the arms by the side and the fists clenched. The feet should be together and pointed away from the body as much as possible.

Keep the body and lower limbs absolutely motionless throughout the exercise, moving only the arms.

The first movement of these is to raise them from the shoulder, keeping them quite rigid, and always in the same planes, and bring them up with a circular motion over the head and down again to the position shown in the sketch.

This will have the effect of opening the lungs and expanding the chest, and as the arms are raised you should take a deep breath, which should not be expelled until a second or so after the position illustrated has been reached.

Then return the arms in the same way to the starting position by the sides. Repeat these movements six times, and then extend the arms in line with the shoulders, laying them flat on the floor at right angles to the body.

Keep the body motionless.

Without moving the upper arms, double the arms at the elbows until the fists are above the shoulders, and then straighten the arms again.

Repeat these movements vigorously half a dozen times also, and return the arms to the side.

The first movements may then be practised again until a feeling of tiredness warns you that it is time to stop.

This exercise is really two in one, and while the first part will expand and develop the chest and supple the shoulders, the second part will principally develop the flexors of the arm.

If you possess them, it is well to use dumb-bells for the exercise, but it should be practised first without them, and then with light dumb-bells, the weight being gradually increased.

WINTER UNDERWEAR.

Now that winter is fast approaching, our minds naturally turn to the subject of protection against the cold.

Woollen underwear is by far the most popular, because it is warm and is generally considered a good non-conductor of heat. This is so when the wool is quite dry, but moisture is a good heat-conductor, and wool retains perspiration longer than does any other material.

But the fact that wool is a slow absorbent renders it quite the best material for outer garments, especially in climates where a certain amount of protection against atmospheric pressure is needed.

Cotton is, to a certain extent, preferable to wool, but it does not meet all requirements. A material that will quickly take up moisture and as quickly lose it, is more likely to suit.

Linen, therefore, may be considered to be the most useful material for underwear. It should be porous, for a porous garment, though coolest in the summer, is warmest in the cold weather. The air-holding capacity of any garment is its great protective feature, for a layer of air is an excellent non-conductor of heat. Elimination of moisture takes place at a more rapid rate with linen than with wool, so that, viewing the subject from all standpoints, linen is worthy of far greater popularity as a material for winter underwear than it at present enjoys.

It is true that a linen garment is cold when you first put it on, if you wear it next the skin; but the slight initial discomfort is more than counterbalanced by the way in which the warmth of the body is kept in in cold weather.

ANOTHER ARM DEVELOPER.

Take a couple of good heavy dictionaries or similar volumes, and grasp them by the back, one in each hand.

Stand erect, with the arms close to the sides, the thumbs against the thighs.

Now bend the right arm at the elbow, turning the book as you do so, so that the back of the hand is underneath and the thumb uppermost.

Keep the upper arm by the side and double the arm up, bending the wrist at the same time until the edge of the book touches the point of the shoulder.

Grip the book with all the force of which you are capable all the time, and concentrate all your energy in the arm that is for the moment being exercised.

Then lower the forearm again slowly to the side, and repeat the process with the left arm.

An exercise where books are as effective as dumb-bells.

The movements must be done quite slowly, and the hands must be in front of the elbow, and not to one side.

A WORD ABOUT SITTING.

One would imagine that modern men would quickly learn the art of "sitting," but a few brief glances in a restaurant, in a library, or in an office give ample proof to the contrary.

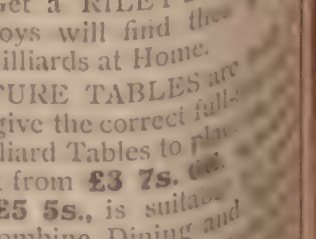
Chairs are invariably placed within a few inches of the desk or table, and consequently the spinal column is curved, thus crowding such organs as the heart, stomach, and liver. The lounging attitude adopted by so many men whilst reading or smoking has a similar effect.

Sit well back in the chair, but do not [illegible] small of your back to touch the chair-back [illegible] you will have support for the base of the [illegible] column, and the body can be moved [illegible] the hips in the same way as it may be [illegible] on the ankles when standing.

A LEG EXERCISE.

Stand erect with the feet together [illegible] forward on to the hands, so that the [illegible] the position depicted with the hands flat [illegible] floor and well separated.

Now transfer the weight entirely on [illegible] left leg and the hands, and raise [illegible] leg slightly from the ground, carry it away as far as possible to the right.



A [illegible]

Without touching the ground, return the right foot slowly to its position beside the other, and repeat the exercise with the left leg.

The muscles of the thigh will profit enormously by this exercise, which will at first, cause a considerable strain upon them.

The number of times, therefore, practise it must be small at first, and [illegible] gradually increased.

Get a RILEY'S [illegible] TABLE and your boys will find [illegible] pleasure in playing Billiards at Home.

RILEY'S MINIATURE TABLES are [illegible] any size, yet always give the correct full-[illegible] game. RILEY'S Billiard Tables to play [illegible] own dining table cost from **£3 7s.** [illegible] The 6ft. 4in. size, **£5 5s.**, is suitable [illegible] rooms. RILEY'S Combine Dining and [illegible] Tables are easily converted and most [illegible] from **£13 10s.** Cash or easy payments [illegible] prices include all accessories. Carriage [illegible] nearest railway station.

FREE on receipt of postcard full [illegible] Illustrated Catalogue of Billiard [illegible] Dining Tables.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd.,
Imperial Works, Accrington.

THE SPORTING TIMES

Otherwise known as "The Pink [illegible]"

Smarter and More Amusing [illegible] Ever.

Is Recognised as the Leading Authority on Racing and Sport.

WRITE FOR FREE SPECIMEN COPY.

Published Every Friday,
At 52, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

The Mutual Idiot.

ONE-SIDED CONVERSATION.

By JAMES C. HERIOT.

It happens now that I ... look at the report ... a Society Divorce ... where the case is ... a private enquiry ... would call "simple,' ... thinking of the ... suave, and somewhat ... dagne man who con- ... that, when he intro ... himself to me as ... Pomfrey, it was as ... his real name as ... gold is to twenty- ... carat.

... had the winning ... of the English ... man at his very best. In addition, al- ... a thoroughly professional man, he was ... duly bigoted, or what smart people call ... over himself, in the slightest ... Finding me at a Continental hos- ... the only Englishman in the whole place, ... not averse to speaking to me, because ... thing I allowed him a share of a ... of "White Label," upon which I paid ... corkage, and also because I asked ... nothing at all about his antecedents, which ... he said, so thoroughly broad-minded and ... English that he cottoned to me at once.

... es," he said—we were looking out of a ... orey window into an old-world street of ... "I like you because you don't want ... my pedigree. May be a paragon—or ... erse—of all the virtues. It is, it seems, ... to you. Very well, then, I'll un- ... myself to you as to my own heart. ... it! a man must unlock himself some- ... ay. Two 'P's' is it not? I select ... because that's precisely the number of ... things—they grow them to perfection in ... here, but cook them execrably—that I ... for the vegetable part of my dinner this ... The *pièce de résistance* comprised ... unsurpassable duck and a small bottle ... that was, at the least, drinkable. . . .

... I'm Peter Pomfrey, young sir, very ... at your service, a gentleman of adven- ... a necessary factor in to-day's social ... of things. In short, a Mutual Idiot. ... title, to you, seems irrelevant, eh? ... that was the label they stuck upon me ... I first dabbled in the line which after- ... on a broader basis, was to become my ... ion in life.

... s a youngster at college at the time and, ... most youngsters at that age, my fancy ... to thoughts of—well, pretty girls, after- ... philanderings and flirtations, up-river pic- ... and so on and so forth, but in spite of a cer- ... rm of manner, I possessed also a caprice- ... ulness, and that is a thing that can never rule ... lphs for long. Wherefore, I would tire of ... ociety inside a month, until finally I be- ... tired of the sex altogether, seeing in ... naught but fickle creatures; I had not ... d at that stage of self-analysis which ... s a man's own faults to him. Since then, ... ve realised that I possessed an unbounded ... city for falling very deeply into an ... re de cœur*—for ten minutes, as you might ... paratively say. And then all was over. I ... ed the variety that is the spice of life. ... me tell you how I was shown first of all ... this capacity was an asset to me.

... It happened that there was a man named ... ngton, whom I knew very well, and who ... in the habit of making small confidences ... ne. He stumbled into something of an ... nglement with a very pretty girl—a pastry-cook's daughter of Cambridge. Being a man of some potential position in this world, it was impossible for him to follow the dictates of his heart, which was finally worsted in an argument with his head. His head told him, you see, that if he contracted an alliance with the girl, his father, upon whose bounty he lived, would immediately cut him off with the proverbial twelve coppers. The result could have been nothing but unhappiness; because Jerington, as one of the upper ten thousand, had never been so plebeian as to school himself into adding up a column of simple addition correctly without first making at least three gross errors. I think he could spell fairly well and his writing was quite illegible except to his very best friends, who could guess at half he meant. So you see he was very aristocratic.

"After the recital of this most ordinary of stories, he turned to me and asked me frankly what I thought of the position. I decided promptly that it was impossible.

"'Well,' said he, 'be a good, excellent, old Peter, and give me a feasible excuse for throwing over the poor girl (with whom an alliance would mean unhappiness for both) by flirting with her yourself!'

"For a moment he took my breath away.

"'Be the—Mutual Idiot,' he suggested. 'Get mixed up in the tangle, so that finally the girl hates both of us as we—or, at least, I—deserve.'

"Well, a Cambridge girl when piqued by the non-appearance of a man who has promised to row her up the river while she looked picturesque and steered, is not averse to showing her independence by selecting the first cavalier that offers. I will not bother your head with the very ordinary details, but suffice it to say that the daughter of the pastry-cook found me excellent in the rôle of the cavalier when Jerington, one afternoon, failed to put in an appearance—until very late, and then on the bank! There was the mild semblance of a bust-up, Jerington became the injured and woefully-disappointed love-yer—and incidentally I had successfully started on my career as a Mutual Idiot! I was not, as Jerington knew, by any means overburdened with cash, and the ten guineas that was forwarded to me anonymously was obviously for professional services rendered. The guineas gave the touch of professionalism, you will observe.

"Well, time went on and I went out into the world with little to live on but my own efforts, and after much slaving I became an example of the fact that hard work and honest endeavour do not always succeed. In fact, I was at very low ebb when there came to my club (my subscription to which was overdue) a letter in the handwriting of Jerington, and a careful perusal of it made me sure that he required my presence at his country house as soon as I could pack up my portmanteau and get away. By this time he had come into an extraordinary opulence of his own, and his mother, a singularly brilliant woman, had seen to it that he married the right girl. He had become an utterly happy man, a credit to his family and his county, and beloved of all men. A modicum of this, you must admit, was due to me—and cheap indeed at the fee!

"I little thought, however, when I arrived, what he had in store for me.

"'Boy,' he said, 'your professional services are required. As a well-satisfied client, I have taken upon myself to recommend you to a friend of mine who is waiting at this moment to see you.'

"For the moment I was slightly mystified. I had set up as a solicitor in London, but never having undertaken any business for Jerington I could not see where the 'well-satisfied client' came in.

"'Happy to act for any friend of yours,' I said professionally. I was not such an ass as to consider myself upon an equality with my one-time friend. That's all very well in books. Money and family make a big difference. Jerington had both. I had neither.

"'Possibly,' he said, 'you think it is something to do with your musty Law? But, my dear fellow, you are quite mistaken. Do you remember,' he said very feelingly, 'when you saved me unutterable trouble and anguish by acting as—the Mutual Idiot?'

"His friend, Captain Cannington, it seemed, had lacked a—a Mutual Idiot during the time when *his* youthful zeal had outrun discretion. The owner of a big place near by, and an utterly charming man, he had yet failed to educate the comparative pastry-cook's daughter he had married up to the duties of her position, and in attempting to do so had done nothing but bring into view the coarseness of her breeding, so that crude incident after crude incident had caused him altogether to lose his affection for her. Her feelings with regard to him were precisely similar.

"At all the garden-parties of the exclusive houses where she was received for his sake, at all the At Homes, at all the 'small dinners,' she had publicly disgraced him by attempting outrageous flirtations with his friends. But she made the mistake of being active instead of passive—to speak in the language of Macmillan's First Latin Course. Instead of gracefully allowing herself to be flirted with, she flirted. This alone, as you will admit, unfitted her for a position in really good society, wherein it is the part of the lady to be passive—even if not exactly a resister.

"This being the case, you see, Cannington's friends all turned out annoyingly loyal to him. Not the greenest, youngest subaltern as much as dreamt of running away with his wife. So what was Cannington to do? He consulted his neighbour, Jerington, with the result that my assistance was called in.

"At that time I had tastes where womenkind were concerned, and I thought, after all the foregoing had been pointed out to me, that I should find it difficult to make myself pleasant to a rather common woman, who added to her plebeian breeding the distasteful habit of throwing herself at possible co-respondents. But a thousand down—with the promise of a bonus, and, in addition, the assurance that the lady would be suitably provided for after I had rendered the Captain's case as a petitioner a sound one by merely (and, mind you, solely) taking her off in the Captain's own motor-car—tempted me."

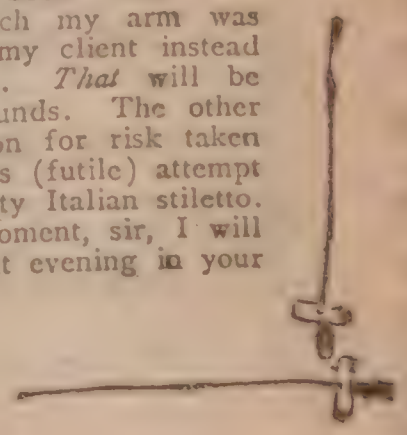
"And you did it?" I asked.

For a moment, Mr. Pomfrey seemed ruffled.

"If mine was a recognised profession," he smiled, regaining his good humour, "I might at that instant have become slightly annoyed with you for thus wounding my professional pride. The testimonials I hold from the nobility and gentry preclude the question, sir! Of *course*, I did it! And now, if you will excuse me, I have a small account to make out to an Austrian nobleman. This was a rather complicated case. Two of the items are for——"

He referred to his pocket-book.

"A bogus duel, in which my arm was rather badly scratched by my client instead of lightly as agreed upon. *That* will be fixed at twenty English pounds. The other unusual item is compensation for risk taken in the lady's eldest brother's (futile) attempt to slay me with a very pretty Italian stiletto. . . . If you will wait a moment, sir, I will take the air of this excellent evening in your company."



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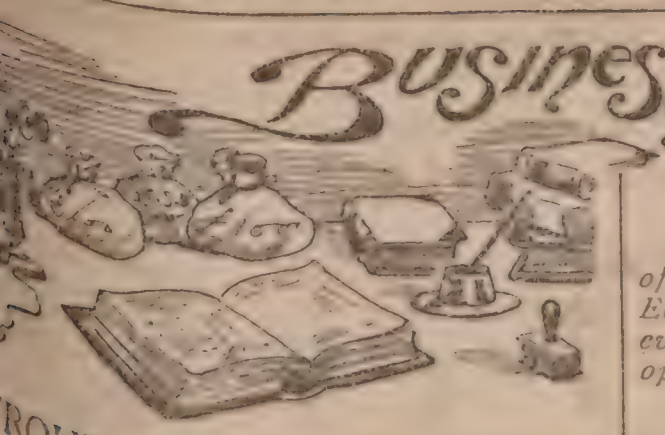

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

ROUBLES OF EMPLOYEES.

dealt last week with the grievances of em-
yers; this week I propose to touch upon a
er which concerns employees, and which
ently demands reform.
We must have greater facility for a man to
nge his job with reasonable security.
ime and again I have received letters
n readers of this paper, who are earning
iculously small salaries, and who appear to
most competent men. One might advise
n to throw up their post, and to seek a
er, but their present circumstances are
erally such as to prevent them from taking
risk. I have such a letter before me

I am very young," says this correspon-
, "perhaps the youngest reader you have.
k in a warehouse, where I am the only
employed, and I do all the packing and
al work. As we are agents for three
e largest boot firms in the world, I have
time to spare. My hours are nine till
n; Saturdays, nine till two-thirty. My
ernor goes out about ten in the morning,
is not seen again until the following
. In that time I have to answer
hone calls, show buyers the samples,
pack and invoice all the orders going
ugh the London house.
There are seventeen books to keep in
er, and if I do not have time to do these
he day, I have to stop behind at night, so
it is very seldom that I am finished by
n.

am trusted with the keys and the petty
and have now been there over three
s, yet for this my wages are only thir-
shillings a week, and there is no prospect
g a penny more. I do not mind the
or the hours, but I do dislike the wages.
what am I to do?
My age is eighteen, I have splendid refer-
es, I have never been late since I have
n there, but I cannot leave this place until
get another, because I have my mother
dependent on me. Do please give me
advice."

his youngster has, in my opinion, quali-
himself for success in the future, pro-
ng the enthusiasm which he now possesses
ong enough to remain with him. I have
ised him to watch the advertisements in
papers, and to look out for a better
but not to give up his present one until
has definitely fixed up another.
will give me much pleasure to forward
name and address to any employer who
iders that his qualifications may be of
ing to him.
have never seen this reader, but I like his
and I daresay that my recommendation
secure him some new post that will place
on the high road to success.
is very unsatisfactory, however, that his
ress should depend on the chance of his
ing to me. Labour Bureaus are most
llent institutions, and I should like to see
reat development in their scope, so that
a young man as the one to whom I refer
ld be practically sure of a post where
eone would receive a more adequate
.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

WAITING FOR THE BOOM.

Business on the Stock Exchange is still conspicuous by its absence; but signs are not wanting that a revival is coming, and the sooner it comes the better.

The long talked of amalgamation engineered by the Rhodesian Exploration and Development Corporation does not seem to have had any effect on the market, and, consequently I am doubtful if the promised boom will take place this year after all.

The investing public seem to be quite holding aloof, and until they take a hand in the game I am afraid the professionals will find it impossible to move prices to any extent.

A WARNING AND A TIP.

Americans seem still undecided which way to turn, and the safest advice I can give my readers is to leave this market alone for the present.

Trunks do not move much; but I still think the "Thirds" ought to be bought for higher prices.

My favourite tip, namely, Mexican Rails, keep steady and may go ahead at any moment. "Bulls" of these stocks need not have the slightest cause for anxiety, as on traffic returns alone prices will go higher, without taking into account the immense progress in Mexico. the tercentenary celebrations, or the readjustment of capital rumours.

CAMP BIRDS.

Last week I recommended a purchase of Camp Bird Options at 4s., and the shares of this company at 32s. present a splendid opportunity for the speculative investor.

Dividends at the rate of 25 per cent. per annum have been paid quarterly for some time on these shares, and, as the net returns for July showed a very large increase, I should not be surprised to find the dividend increased in the near future.

Besides, Paris has been buying largely lately, and the French financier makes few mistakes when he comes into our market.

Only last year a group of Frenchmen bought Pekin Shansi shares from 25s. upwards and raised the price to 45s. In the case of Camp Birds the price may possibly be raised considerably higher.

A NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As answers to correspondents are frequently crowded out through want of space, inquirers who desire a quick reply should send a stamped addressed envelope.

I am always pleased to advise my readers to the best of my knowledge and belief, but correspondents should ask my advice before parting with their money to outside brokers and others—not after.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

CHOOSING A CAREER.

Although not very many men realise it at the time, the choice of a career is the most momentous problem of their lives, for upon their decision rests the question whether they are to enjoy life or not. And it is for this reason that every man should make up his mind early. If he does this, he will be able to have a shot at another if the first does not please him; but if he drifts on until he is past his early twenties, he is practically forced to take the first that offers, or to go in for some such casual occupation as the stage or writing.

Probably neither of these has any real attraction for him; but he has to stick to them—because there is nothing else to do. It is delay in choosing a profession that makes so many discontented men.

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IMPRESSIONS OF A TERRITORIAL OFFICER.

A SECOND VISIT

The journey from London is finished, and I have alighted at the little country station.

Here comes the first shock. The last time I arrived at this same station, I was an awkward, most inefficient Territorial subaltern, trusting to the Almighty and the non-commissioned officers that nothing would occur to show up my magnificent lack of knowledge.

Then, the platform was alive with soldiers. The holiday-makers stood aside to watch us, and, officers and men alike, we did our best to show them that we were worthy of wearing His Majesty's uniform.

Now the platform is deserted, save for the station-master, a porter, and a waitress who is looking out at the door of the refreshment room. The sight of her recalls to me how a fellow-subaltern and I used to take a walk down here of an evening after mess. This young lady was deliciously polite and pleasant to us, but I am afraid that her courtesy depended more upon our jingling spurs and the set of our overalls than upon our personal attractions.

Anyhow, I do not propose to risk being disillusioned by taking refreshment at the station buffet just now. I greatly fear that in my civilian clothes, well cut as they are, I should fail to exact from her the deference which she showed to me as a wearer of His Majesty's uniform.

I make my way towards the County Hotel, which, like the railway refreshment buffet, was sometimes the turning point of our evening stroll.

When last I walked along the High Street, men had looked at me enviously, and women admiringly, but now they take no notice of me at all.

There is no sign of a uniform in the whole length of the street. At the door of the County Hotel there stands no throbbing motor-car waiting for the staff officers.

The proprietor remembers me, but now, though engaging a room and arranging for dinner and breakfast, I do not receive such devoted attention as I did when, in uniform, I ordered a humble Scotch-and-soda. As I eat my dinner in solitude, there is borne upon me the hard fact that I am now only a civilian.

I look down at my breeches, made by one of the best tailors, and of much better cut than those forming part of my service kit; yet they do not look so smart. The jacket I am wearing is of better stuff than the khaki cloth that forms my service tunic, and yet I am not so well-dressed, either in my own eyes or in those of other people.

After dinner I make my way toward the field where the camp was held. I walk slowly and slovenly; last time I came along this road I was keeping step with two other officers, each of us clanking along as if we had bought the earth and had not a care in the world.

A full moon is up. I reach a gap in the hedge which encloses the field, and lean over the fence.

There, close in front of me, I can see, showing greener than the rest, the two oblong patches on which, a few brief weeks ago, stood the officers' mess-tent and ante-room.

It seems impossible to believe now that in this forsaken field there ever was so much life.

The oblong to the right was the mess-tent, and the picture that comes back to my mind is that of our last meal together. The lamps, hung on wires between the tent-poles, were turned up to their highest, and the candles were blinking cheerfully beneath them, throwing the kindest and most flattering of lights upon the tanned faces of the men sitting round the table.

I remember how I looked at that time. I saw myself in the looking-glass once each day, when I shaved, and it seemed to me that I was almost good-looking, but now that the tan has worn off, I know that the good looks were, like it, passing.

My eye seeks out the spot where my chair rested. Not very far from me sat the dear old Colonel—a gentleman as well as a soldier, a man with the gift of putting new life into you, by a word of encouragement, when you felt that your incompetence was permanent and hopeless.

I recall the speech he made that night, and the naughty story which he told after it, and I remember the stupid speech that I also made, when victimised into doing so, as the youngest subaltern.

The other oblong patch is where the ante-room tent once stood. It was a pleasant haven for a moment's respite when the sun was hot and the walls were drawn back.

Here one could read the newspapers, and here one wrote letters. The note-paper was headed with the crest of the regiment, and that, besides one's temporary environment, lent to the letter a military brevity that I should not have believed I possessed—and there was need for brevity, for our time was limited.

I leave the gap in the hedge, and walk round to the side of the field. I refrain from entering it as long as possible, for it seems to be almost sacred ground.

From where I now stand I can see the circle where the tent stood. We did not indulge in the luxury of floor boarding, and the grass is beaten round about the centre, and particularly where the doorway came.

Somewhere towards the town a boy is whistling the refrain:

"I've been out with Charlie Brown, Charlie Brown last night.

"I've been out with Charlie Brown; Charlie Brown's all right."

The ditty is not a new one, but I heard it for the first time as I lay in that tent. It was my first night in camp and I was wakeful. A battalion had just come down from London, and, as it was three o'clock in the morning, I daresay that it was necessary for the men to be cheered up as they marched to their camp. That was the melody they played to cheer them.

The sound of the boy whistling it brings back the sight and the smell of the canvas which was so near to my face as I pricked up my ears and listened.

Drills we did more or less well, and, according to the newspapers, we [illegible] ourselves with distinction during [illegible] but drills and manœuvres do not [illegible] to my mind as I look at the deser[illegible] Strangely enough, this second v[illegible] back rather memories of trifling, [illegible] military episodes.

There, for example, beyond t[illegible] where my tent stood, I can see a [illegible] of grass lighter in colour than the rest [illegible] was on this spot that a fellow-subaltern [illegible] his bath upturned during a couple of [illegible] leave of absence. I recollect how he [illegible] to me on his return, and showed me [illegible] ant-hill that had developed beneath the [illegible] during his absence. We watched the [illegible] hurriedly carrying their eggs [illegible] and laughed at their diligence.

At last I climb the gate, and walk d[illegible] the centre of the field.

There were our horse-lines. They [illegible] be traced, because the grass was [illegible] into mud, and the mud afterwards practi[illegible] baked into brick.

The lines of tents that stood behind th[illegible] spring up again in the imagination. Y[illegible] see the men grooming their horses, and y[illegible] self, as a very sleepy subaltern, walking [illegible] and down the lines at half-past five in [illegible] morning.

But the present time brings [illegible] vividly to your memory your [illegible] tion round the camp at night, when y[illegible] pened to be orderly officer for the [illegible]

You remember assisting one parti[illegible] orderly—a recruit practically as [illegible] yourself—to fix the heel-rope on a hor[illegible] seemed to have the devil in him.

I walk on till I come to another [illegible] spot, where the grass still refuses to [illegible] This was the entrance to the orderly-[illegible] tent.

I recollect there coming one day, [illegible] mid-day stables, the call of the trump[illegible] "Officers, come and be damned! Of[illegible] come and be damned! Officers, come [illegible] damned—damned, damned, damned!"

Personally, I should not have known [illegible] it meant, but a fellow-subaltern did. [illegible] rushed to our tents, put on our sw[illegible] presented ourselves at the orderly tent [illegible] state. The matter about which the C[illegible] wanted to see us has nothing to do with [illegible] body but ourselves.

I make my way back to the road. [illegible] pass a circle of grass which is still s[illegible] whitened, and which shows no sign [illegible] doorway path, such as can be seen whe[illegible] other tents stood. This was the Adj[illegible] tent, and, being luxurious, he had the [illegible] boarded.

I recollect looking out of the door [illegible] own tent on my first morning at camp, [illegible] horror—for camp life was new to me—[illegible] ing him bathe in a large and very [illegible] tin bath in front of his tent. Some [illegible] passing along the road, stopped [illegible] watch him. The Adjutant turned his [illegible] upon them and finished his ablutions [illegible] down, for it was notorious in the re[illegible] that the Adjutant did everything very [illegible]

The memory of it brings back a [illegible] my face, but the second visit is, on the [illegible] a lamentable failure, for there is no c[illegible] in it.

To visit the deserted camp is like t[illegible] find pleasure in looking at an empty [illegible] from which the birds have flown.

The experiment has been unsatisfactory. [illegible] I return to the County Hotel, determin[illegible] go back to town by the first train [illegible] morning.

As I walk along, I find myself [illegible] whistling: "I've been out with [illegible] Brown." Once more I hear the spurs [illegible] ling at my heels, and feel the tightness [illegible] uniform—but it is only a memory.

R. R. MI[illegible]

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

SELBY CHAMPIONS THE OPPRESSED

By ADAM STERN.

...resent in William Bradlaw's ...e were three other elderly ...—Frank Orton, small, sharp featured, and ...nchol'c, dressed in dingy black; Jake ...n, ferret-faced and sandy-haired; and ...nas Stevens, the illiterate, who ever ...iently followed a stronger man's lead. ...illiam Bradlaw himself was stout unto ..., with heavy lids, and a slow, ...like manner of speaking which forced ... attention of a listener and often succeeded ... forcing the opposition out of him. ... looked at the clock, which indicated a ...minutes to eleven.

...Now as Jake's turned up—a quarter of ...our late," he said, "I can begin to tell ...what I've asked you round 'ere for. ...'ere is an informal meeting of the ...den Chain-Makers' Association, us four ...itute the board of that Association, and ..., and have bin since it started, its ...man."

...challeng'ngly regarded each in turn.

...ght enough," agreed Frank Orton, ...ously.

...That bein' understood," said William ...law, "what I've got to say is this. ...chain trade is on the verge of bein' in- ...d in the Sweated Labour Act."

..."s bin that for many a year," interposed ... Thorn.

...t's goin' to *happen* now," was the grim ...; "and we've got one man to thank ...

...ur Lyons, you mean, I suppose?" ... Orton, blinking dejectedly at the ...ite wall.

...m ostensibly. It's him that's brought ...uestion into public notice by his speeches ...rliament, but there's one thing's struck ...me and again. Hearken carefully to ... Who's he bin gettin' his informa- ...n?

...e don't know it himself by experience. ...always struck me as a dandified sort of ... more ornamental than useful, and I'm ... to wager that until lately he couldn't ...ld you no more about the conditions of ...ain trade than that desk there. Not so ... All the same, he's full up with facts ... prime costs, workin' hours, wages, ... on—and what's worse, the profit we ...e to make.

...f course, he takes extreme cases and ... us out as bloodsuckers and the ...rs as victims. That's only to be ex- ... He keeps mum about slack times, ...d debts, and all the risks an employer ... reckon with."

...l take good care he don't get my vote ...election," complained Frank Orton.

...or mine," interjected Thomas Stevens, ...ously.

...t's ... keep to the point," proceeded ... Bradlaw. "He's bin coached. ..., somebody in the background. His ...edge don't come from bluebooks or ...es; no, it comes firsthand. Now we've ... find out who it is. I don't know ..., but there's somebody comin' round ... eleven o'clock sharp who'll p'r'aps ...e to tell us."

...ho's com'n' round 'ere?" echoed Jake ... suspiciously.

...chard Selby."

...m?" There was a short, significant ... "Why should he be havin' anythin' ...with it?" pursued Thorn.

...at's the ... I'm going to ask ...," replied William Bradlaw, heavily. ...e won't answer unless he's a mind."

...n't he! I know of a way of makin'

...rn involuntarily laughed; and at the

sneering sound the reddish-purple of Mr. William Bradlaw's complexion darkened.

"You can snigge', Jake Thorn," he said; "but who's the one man among us who can stand up agen Richard Selby with a chance o' beatin' him? Me. I fight him brain agen brain—and he knows it; and there's no loss of respect either side. As for you. . . ."

Jake Thorn's eyes shifted.

"How d'you propose do'n' it?" he inquired, counterfeiting unconcern.

"By invitin' him to join the board of this Association."

Frank Orton jerked in his chair as though propelled by a spring.

"I protest," he snapped. "We don't want him working with us. He's a bully. He's too fond of having his own way. Invite him to join the board!—why, you decided yourself he shouldn't be asked to come into the Association at all. You said we'd treat him as though he didn't count, and you hoped he'd like it. To all intents and purposes, he's nobody at present. He only employs about a dozen hands, while we—we represent a hundred times as many. Keep him out of it, I say."

"Hear, hear!" agreed Thomas Stevens.

"And if he refuses," proceeded William Bradlaw, completely ignoring the interruption. "It'll be his answer that he *is* mixed up in this matter—which is what we want to find out."

Jake Thorn nodded appreciation.

"Sorry I spoke so quick," he said, amiably.

"If he joins, I resign," declared Frank Orton.

"You can walk out now, if you like," answered William Bradlaw, fixing him with his bovine gaze. "And you, Thomas. . . ."

"Not me," said the latter, injured. "Yo' know what's best, William. I allays stuck by yo', bad times and good. What time did yo' say 'e was a-comin'?"

"Eleven. It's on that now. There's his voice in the other office. . . . Yes, show him in. . . . And, Frank Orton, *I'll* do the talkin', if you don't mind. . . . 'Mornin', Richard!"

"Morning," said Richard; "The Moulden Chain-Makers' Association is having a confab, I see."

He smiled pleasantly, and took the chair Bradlaw pushed towards him, surveying the four with abstracted eyes.

"So it is," agreed William Bradlaw, deliberately; "and that disposes of half the explanations at the start. The other half is, it's time you wa one of us."

"Altered your mind; haven't you?" said Richard calmly.

"Not—exactly. The Association's bin a long time gettin' in goin' order, but now we've got most of the manufacturers, and it ain't right you should be out of it."

"You're a bit wrong, William," said Richard. "You've got the big makers, but there's a ruck of the smaller ones standing out, and, like me, they don't see much benefit in joining. What's the idea of it, anyway?"

"The idea," replied Bradlaw, unperturbed, though the others stirred in their seats, "is to present a united front agen an attempt to take the control of our own businesses out of our hands and put it in the hands of ignorant and interferin' outsiders."

"In short, to oppose this agitation to have the chain-making industry scheduled under the Sweated Labour Act."

"Wait a bit," said William Bradlaw, patiently. "There's another thing. We're only waitin' for the loyal support of the whole of the trade to bring forward—and *carry*—a proposal to pay higher wages all round, especially to the women."

"By way of intelligently anticipating events," said Richard, "because, of course, when the Bill passed, that's the first thing you'd be forced to do."

"We're going to do it without."

"Talk of it, you mean; and in that way hope to make the Bill appear unnecessary. Not bad, William. But where I differ from you is in believing that you *won't* do it unless you're forced."

William Bradlaw put a hand on each knee, and bent forward.

"Arthur Lyons, M.P., was satisfied to do nothin' up till lately," he said, choosing the words with care. "Who's promptin' him to be so busy, Richard?"

"I am," said Richard.

They looked steadily into each other's eyes for a time, then the older man sat back.

"Ah," he sighed.

Frank Orton jerked anew. "What for?" he demanded shrilly.

"Shut up," growled Bradlaw. "Richard'll tell us why."

"Because," said Richard, "the condition of the chain-workers—especially the women, William, to borrow your words—is damnable, and you all know it!"

"You've come to the opinion pretty late in the day," sneered Jake Thorn.

"When I commanded the trade," rejoined Richard, calmly, "as once upon a time I did, no Act of Parliament was needed to ensure the workers receiving fair treatment: I saw to that myself."

"Richard's right," interposed Bradlaw, gruffly. "We're not discussin' what has been. We've gone back to old ways, and I'm willin' to agree there's some room for reform, but it's only proper it should be left to us."

"It won't be," said Richard, "and I back compulsion. That finishes the argument, I think."

He stood up.

"It does," assented Bradlaw, with some dourness, "but we shall fight for a free hand—don't forget that! It won't all be plain sailin', even if the Bill passes. There are ways mind you, Richard, ways of retaliatin'. . . . The employer must be master, not the worker. Thirty-five years of experience has never given me reason to alter my mind about that."

"I've not contradicted it," said Richard, briefly, "but it doesn't affect the present ques-

tion. We're out to abolish sweating—a state of things which does precious little credit to employers, and one they lose no independence by improving."

"Here, Richard," said Jake Thorn craftily, "how do you benefit when all's said and done?"

"So you think I'm out for benefit?" said Richard with an abstracted stare. "Well, Jake, go on thinking it."

Frank Orton leaped up and fronted Richard, his mean little face screwed into an expression of venom.

"It ain't that," he shrilled. "Think I don't know! You want to damage *us*. You're jealous 'cause we're better off than you—'cause we've got works worth lookin' at, and yours is only a tin-pot shanty. You won't feel higher rates o' wages, 'cause you've got nothin' particular to pay. How many men do you employ?—tell me that!"

"Nine," answered Richard indulgently.

"How many women?"

"Three. But never mind, Frank, don't you worry about it; I shall be having a few more shortly. So long, William."

He left Orton gasping.

* * * * * * *

Within a couple of months Richard's prophecy was fulfilled, and the chain trade was included among the industries receiving legal protection against sweating.

A committee was appointed in London to consider the best means to bring about reform, and Richard, at the instigation of Arthur Lyons, M.P., was called upon to act as expert adviser to the Board.

The initial step was the proposal to fix a minimum wage of 2½d. per hour for all concerned, a proposal which would chiefly benefit the women, most of whom, at present, working laboriously for long hours, could earn but a bare four or five shillings a week.

Notice of the decision was duly sent to the Moulden Chain-Makers' Association, and a month allowed for objections to be put forward if desired, when they would undergo thorough examination before the suggestion was carried and the rate become subject to legal enforcement.

A day before the expiration of the said month William Bradlaw called on Richard.

Graill directed him into the works, where he found Richard, stripped to his shirt and blackened with labour, personally testing a large heap of chain which lay by the testing bed.

Bradlaw picked up a piece of the chain and scrutinised it.

"How much d'ye get for this, Richard?" he asked, breathing heavily as the result of stooping.

"Twelve bob a hundredweight," said Richard.

"Women's work, this size, of course?"

Richard nodded.

"What wage?"

"Tuppence ha'penny an hour." Richard had no aversion to answering honest questions—when it suited him.

"Ah." William Bradlaw let the length of chain fall. "You're satisfied with less profit than most on us," he said.

"I shall get more when the wage rate is universal," said Richard,

"How's that?"

"We shall all be anxious to put the price up then."

Bradlaw slowly shook his head.

"Won't happen," he said, dogmatically. "Increased cost of production only means keener competition."

"Not for long," replied Richard, cheerfully. "Automatic adjustment will follow; it always does."

"You say so," said Bradlaw, stubbornly; "but that don't prove it. You're forcing the trade into a corner, Richard, and you're the last man to deny it."

"No," said Richard, quietly. "I'm trying to hoist it out of a muck-hole—and I think we shall all be the healthier for it afterwards."

William Bradlaw stood stolid, blinking his heavy lids. Only a few were aware of the adroit mind working behind his ox-like countenance. Richard was one of the few.

"Well, talk ain't much good," said Bradlaw at length. "The mischief's done now. I've just come round to tell you that the Association's raisin' no objection to the committee's proposal. I've got the text of our reply to 'em here."

"Shall we go into the office?" said Richard.

"No; here'll do. It won't take you a minute to look through it. I thought as you, bein' the prime mover in this affair, would like the first chance o' seein' it."

Richard took no notice of the sarcasm, and opened out the paper Bradlaw handed to him.

He read its contents twice. Then he raised his eyes and gazed levelly for several moments at Bradlaw.

"I see," he said.

"I thought you would," answered Bradlaw.

"You're wide-awake, William."

"We've got to look after ourselves—while we can."

There was a pause.

"Yes," said Richard thoughtfully; "you're justified, I suppose. What it amounts to is this. The new wage rate, once agreed to, doesn't come into enactment till six months have elapsed. You, and the Association behind you, consent to it on the stipulation that the workers sign an undertaking to continue at the old rates during that period."

"Nothin' could be fairer," said William Bradlaw.

"Nothing—on the surface. But in those six months you will put them on at high pressure to *make stock*—isn't that right?"

"We've bin makin' stock as fast as we can," said William Bradlaw, "these three months. Ever since, in fact, you set about reformin' what's bin good enough for other folks for generations back."

The mask was off now, though neither betrayed a sign.

"And afterwards," continued Richard, "you can turn 'em out of employment for—how long?"

"The women," answered William Bradlaw, "for six months, I should say—mebbe nine. The men it don't matter about. They ain't affected by the new rate."

"Not yet," said Richard. "So now we understand each other. There's no law to compel you to employ when you've got no work to be done, and some four hundred women ——"

"Five hundred," corrected William Bradlaw, impassively.

"Five hundred women will be idle and perhaps starve. They can't save much out of four or five bob a week—can they, William?"

"No, I reckon it'd be a hard job," agreed Bradlaw.

"And that's your method of retaliation?"

"Seems to me, Richard," said Bradlaw, with ponderous sympathy, "you'd better recommend your committee to leave us to manage our job in our own way. We'll do it, and do it fair—in our own time—if we're left alone."

"If the women refuse to sign this undertaking?" asked Richard with perfect [illegible]

"We shall lock 'em out," said William Bradlaw slowly.

"A lock-out," repeated Richard, [illegible] deliberately. "You've thought of what will mean?"

"I've thought," said William Bradlaw. "The committee would support them."

"No," said Bradlaw, with a shake of the head.

"The Trade Union will."

"Nor the Trade Union. The stipulation too reasonable."

"Then I shall!" said Richard Selby, [illegible] ply.

William Bradlaw's bovine gaze rested on face in a long silence—a silence [illegible] sinister.

"You'll advise 'em to refuse?"

"Yes."

"And fight?"

"And fight. It can't be any worse [illegible] than to consent."

"Ah well!" William Bradlaw [illegible] "I'm sorry," he said. "Good-day, Richard."

"Good-day, William."

Thus, quietly, was war declared between them.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

HIGH-GRADE POSITIONS.

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A BACHELOR'S REMEDIES

Every man is bound to feel seedy [illegible] time or other; unless he is one of those men who have "never had a day's illness in my life, my boy!"

And what is more, almost every man [illegible] inexplicable but none the less real dislike being pawed about by a doctor; so often happens that a man may neglect a temporary feeling of seediness, and knock himself up pretty badly.

There are one or two simple remedies every bachelor should have in his locker. [illegible] calyptus oil is one of the most important—a neglected cold—and what man does not neglect it?—may be very troublesome. A bottle of seidlitz powders for when you are feeling bilious; and a bottle of embrocation for [illegible] should you feel a twinge or so of [illegible] rheumatism is about all you'll need in the ordinary way.

If you shave yourself, and you are addicted to late hours now and again, you'd better have a supply of sticking plaster, in view of the wobbly hand that is generally the result in the morning.

BILLIARD TIPS.

Billiard players often find themselves in this position: The object ball is close to a cushion, say, eighteen inches to two feet from the nearest pocket, the cue ball is about the same distance from the object ball, but at a cushion, and at an acute angle to it. The stroke is to screw in off the object ball, but it is an exceedingly difficult shot.

In reality it is comparatively easy. Just remember to bring the bridge hand close up to the cue ball, so that only an inch or two of the cue projects. Then an easy stroke, striking the ball low down on the side away from the pocket, will make the ball run [illegible] cushion and twist into the pocket in a marvellous fashion.

Most players fail at the screw because they keep the bridge hand too far away from the cue ball.

When playing a very fine in-off [illegible] visable to put on a little running [illegible]

The more difficult the shot the [illegible] should you play it. Remember that the end of your cue should point half a ball [illegible] from the spot where you want to hit the ball.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

. H. (Bush Hill Park).—Jobs as vanmen are lt to find, especially for those inexperienced ving; but you should watch the "Situations t" columns of the "Daily Chronicle."

). (Llanybyther).—Glad to hear from you, e do not intend to start any more competi- yet.

R. P. (Armadale).—Many thanks for the er. No, your name has not been omitted he list. Good luck!

. (9, St. James Road, Glasgow).—Yes, we a good many readers in Glasgow, and proba- nie ardent footballers like yourself are con- l in the number. We print your address, so ny of your townsmen desiring a football may communicate direct.

EEFY" (Birmingham).—From your brief ption, we are unable to give any absolute . But keep your eye on our Physical Cul- page, we are constantly dealing with such ts.

ON OF SCOUTS.—We have received a com- ation from the headquarters of the above mentioning that there are still one or two cies in the mounted section of their North on division. Readers unable to join the orials may be glad to avail themselves of pportunity. They should apply to Mr. A. A. at 28a, Hermes Street, Pentonville, N.

. S. (Stroud Green).—By all means adver- n the M.M. The insertion would doubt- ring you the required information. Wish success.

. (Trowbridge).—It is possible to make the e from hot water and the ossein of bones, e result obtained from the ready-made al is far more satisfactory. Tins of gelatine ll instructions as to how to boil the stuff, l of the ink, etc., are obtainable everywhere, ay be had very cheaply. Complete sets of ating outfits are now obtainable at a fair

P. (Cornhill).—No, the two magazines are ed by different firms.

. (Edinburgh).—"Throwing the hammer" so popular in this country as in America, ubtless we shall find room to publish a few on the art. Hope your affairs will soon p.

N. (Newton-le-Willows).—The numbers ntion are out of print.

G. (Guildford).—In learning to swim don't ght off with the strokes. Get used to the of being in the water, and thus gain the ry confidence; the strokes come later. people learn to float first. Swimming are not essential; it is quite possible to y yourself, or at least with the help of a

RIER" (Hammersmith).—Brookwood is the for the Pirbright range. Take something k with you. There is only the canal, and usually dry. You will find plenty of shade e ranges.

(Hunstanton).—I should say the girl is ying to get what she can out of you. Take ice and drop her, even though there is no e to take her place.

(Hendon).—Last year, military bands were ed to play the National Anthem in quicker Perhaps this explains the "getting-it-over" r that you have noticed at music-halls.

S. (Rye).—Drivers of the R.F.A. wear spurs. G.A., of course, do not.

(Moston), **F. McB.** (Belfast), **A. G.** (Kilmarnock), olkestone), **A. C. T.** (Glasgow), **F. M.** (Walsall), anchester), **J. M. B.** (Ashton-under-Lyne), **H. H.**), **W. M.** (Bootle), **A. P.** (Doncaster), **A. G. L.** **W. W.** (Aberdare), **R. B.** (Dublin), **W. D.** and lton), **H. W.** (Springburn), **E. J. L.** (Nottingham), aventry), **G. E. P.** (Ilford), **E. M. E.** (Brighton), (Streatham), **W. T.** (Warrington), **W. S.** (Horley), Barnoldswick), **C. F. G.** (St. Pancras), **R. F.** k).—Glad to hear from you all.

September is known to the gardener who prefers to be self-supporting as "propagating time."

For the amateur who has neither the time nor the accommodation to raise his own seedlings and to take his own cuttings, and who does not mind the very slight additional expense entailed, it is better to wait until the spring and obtain his bedding-out plants in pots.

But if cuttings are to be taken, now is the time to take them, and it is at least worth while to try one's hand at increasing the stock of plants in this manner, for a plant that has been actually raised in the garden that it blooms in, seems to have an added attraction that a bought seedling can never achieve.

* * *

September and October, until the frosts begin, give the best opportunity for propagating work.

A cold frame will be the first requisite, and this can be constructed out of a packing case. An old window-frame makes an excellent cover.

The same frame can be used in the spring to harden off the seedlings of half-hardy annuals, and later still, to start the seeds of biennials.

A good soil for the purpose consists of light loam, peat, and leaf-mould. Excess of moisture should be corrected by the addition of a little coarse, gritty sand, which should be obtained from a florist or seedsman—not from a builder.

Boxes are perhaps more suitable than pots for the reception of cuttings, not only because they are more easily obtainable, but owing to the economy of space.

* * *

The plants to which the amateur should at first restrict himself are calceolarias, pinks, phloxes, penstemons, violas, and pansies.

The shoots must be cut from the last three with a knife, and should be about three inches long. Soft and sappy cuttings should be avoided.

The cut should be made at a "joint" in the stem and the end of the severed stalk slit up. It is then inserted in a hole made in the soil with a stick, a little silver sand being dropped in first, so that the base of the cutting rests on it.

Then water the box or pot thoroughly and place it in the frame, keeping the latter closed for a day or two, but later admitting air on fine, warm days.

In case of frost it is advisable to protect the plants by covering the frame with matting or sacking.

Geraniums are, of course, propagated by means of cuttings, but it is practically useless to attempt this unless a heated greenhouse is available.

* * *

Lobelias may also be propagated by means of cuttings, especially the dwarf blue-flowered lobelia which is used for bordering.

A number of good plants should be selected, and all the flowers cut off at once.

Towards the end of September, lift the plants carefully, plant them in three inch pots and keep them through the winter under glass at a temperature of about 55 degrees. Cuttings may then be taken in February.

C. B. STAINER.

THE CARE OF THE SCALP.

"Shampoo, sir?"

That is what the barber says to you, and because you have a certain dislike to having your head pulled about by anybody else, you decline. But on your way back afterwards the barber's baleful remark that your hair is "very thin on the top" troubles you.

If you show a tendency to baldness, you should go in for massage (self-performed) with a mixture of glycerine and some good cold cream. Avoid a too frequent application of *cold* water, for this robs the hair of its natural oil, and tends to make it brittle. What is more, when you wet your head, dry it thoroughly. When a man gets out of a swimming bath, he simply shakes his head like a dog, and then lets it dry by itself. But this is one of the greatest possible errors. One reason why women retain their hair so much longer than men is that they always get it as dry as a bone whenever they wash it.

A HINT TO HOSTS.

Every host who puts himself out to please his guests, naturally does his best to make them feel at their ease; and though he manages to do this in most ways, there is generally one particular which he forgets or, indeed, which does not suggest itself to him. This is the subject of dress.

It is a very good plan when you have invited a friend to dine with you at your rooms, or at a restaurant, or to go to a theatre with you, to consider the state of his finances and the style in which he is likely to be dressed. Adapt your own clothing accordingly, so that if anything he appears just a little better dressed than you do yourself. If he is a decent chap, he will appreciate this delicate thought.

There is nothing that spoils a sensitive man's enjoyment so much as to feel that he is not so well-dressed as his host, for he feels in some subtle manner that he is in a way disgracing him. Though, of course, such an idea is rather foolish, it is very prevalent, especially in the case of an invitation to dine out or to go to a theatre.

If you know that your guest is rather hard up, go for preference to a good but cheap restaurant, and to a music-hall rather than to a theatre, for thus the necessity for evening-dress will be non-existent.

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THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE NOTE OF ORIGINALITY.

I do not suppose that any writer has ever succeeded in describing exactly in what lies the gift, or the acquirement, of being well dressed.

Several writers, however, have thrown out hints occasionally that help one to reach a sort of definition of a well-dressed man, and I ask to be permitted to contribute a further hint in this direction.

The well-dressed man is, of course, above all things, well-groomed—he is always cleanly shaved, his hair is well brushed, his gloves are free from dust, and his boots are speckless. But, above all things, he seems to have a strong faculty, not only for discovering some attractive little novelty in the way of dress, but also of making it look as if it had been specially designed to suit his particular brand of good, or bad, looks.

I know one man who has the gift of tasteful dressing to perfection. Sometimes his clothes are extremely plain—a blue suit, black boots, and a bowler hat, for example—but on other days he will wear some little novelty, such as a black stock bow tie.

He avoids anything eccentric or unbecoming, and those little novelties in which he indulges make him a particularly interesting person to observe in the matter of clothes. He is not a dandy by any means, but he gives just that amount of attention to fashion which makes his title of being a well-dressed man indisputable.

HOW TO AVOID THE CREASES.

There are probably very few of my readers who do not spend a considerable time every day with their hands in the trouser pockets.

But while we stroll along in this way the jacket is being pushed back and is consequently losing much of its original shape.

Two creases usually appear—one on either side of the coat—and it is seldom that this annoying development can be got rid of.

Even a confirmed "hands-in-pocket" man, however, can keep a respectable jacket if he takes the trouble to go to a first-class tailor in the first instance. A firm such as that of Messrs. Ellis, of the Strand, for example, takes a pride in its work and sees that the front of the jacket is stiffened with a hair-cloth which will not "break."

To keep the jacket buttoned in front also helps to check the creasing tendency.

KEEPING YOUR TIES IN ORDER.

While every man presses his trousers, and hangs up his coat on retiring, very few give attention to the small but all-important tie. Undressing in a hurry, the tendency is to fold the tie loosely and stow it away in a box or a drawer until it is required for further use. No attempt is made to remove the small creases, which, if left, spoil the general appearance of the tie.

A useful tip is to draw the tie slowly around a bed-rail, being careful, of course, not to put any unnecessary strain on what is a delicate article of clothing.

An occasional application of a hot iron is advisable when the creases have become very obvious. But be careful to put a damp cloth or handkerchief between the tie and the iron, in order that the latter may not be damaged.

THE TILT OF THE BOWLER.

At first sight this may appear to be a very minor detail, but certainly nothing can give a more "bounderish" appearance than a bowler tilted over the back of the head, or an exaggerated tilt either to the right or left.

Most men will find that they show to the best advantage with the hat planted firmly on the centre of the head, but a slight, I might say an almost imperceptible, incline often gives a certain amount of individuality to the wearer.

Thus, some men prefer a slight tilt to the right and some to the left; the style in which the hair is done should influence them in their choice.

But, I think *no* man looks well with the bowler on the back of his head, for this necessitates a show of "fringe," or worse still a couple of stray wisps of hair, most undesirable adjuncts to the general appearance.

It is seldom we see the hat planted down over the eyes—save where the wearer intends to communicate to all around that he is a very resolute and determined character.

The predilection for a tilt is no doubt to be traced to the military custom of the days before the peaked cap, when "pill-boxes" and "cheese-cutters" were the service caps of the British Army, and as these were always worn on the right-hand side of the head, that has always been the favourite side for the civilian also.

BLACKING.

I can well remember the time, although I am not by any means middle-aged, when ordinary blacking was the only sort of dressing for black boots.

Now there are many kinds—liquid polishes in bottles and jellied polishes in tins. Both are extremely convenient and useful for their own particular purposes, but they are quite hopeless in the case of the leather that is known in the boot shops as "blacking" leather.

Shooting boots, and all Wellingtons except those of the dress variety, are made of this "blacking" leather, and to attempt to polish them with anything but ordinary blacking is only to cause disaster.

If you have a pair of boots which obstinately refuse to take a polish, consider for a moment whether you have been using the right kind of dressing.

Probably all you need do is, instead of using the more expensive polishes, to get a penny tin of common, ordinary blacking.

A little "boning" with the handle of an old toothbrush may also prove a useful preliminary.

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Boots, size 8; also books on billiards, billiard balls, &c.—Box 3522, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

To Outdoor Sportsmen.—Cambridge grey Norfolk jacket and breeches, high-class make, 37in. breast, worn twice, cost 52s. 6d.; 3 pairs leggings, new, warranted hogskin, seamless, blocked, calf 15in., 15½in., and 16in., cost 15s. pair; best offers get them, no use to present owner.—Box 3521, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Two black frock coats, cheap, or exchange anything.—Box 3528, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Shooting and golfing knickers wanted, waist 35in.; also blue serge suit, chest 40in., inside leg 30in.—Box 3529, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Anglers appreciate genuine British-made fishing tackle direct from the makers, carefully packed for home or export. Albert Smith is familiar with the wants of anglers in all parts of the world. Catalogues free. Note address: Albert Smith and Co., Dominion Works, Redditch, Worcs.

For sale, a disc bar-bell, 165lbs., and two short rods, with charts and scientific weight lifting; 20s.—Box 3527, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Have a tall, manly bearing.—Height-increaser for sale; certain results.—Box 3526, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Richardson's silver-plated roller skates, aluminium wheels, size 7, quite new; cost 30s. What offers?—Box 3525, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Billiard table, by Stevens, 10ft. by 5ft., splendid condition; take £30, including set ivory balls, marker, cue rest, and cues; bargain.—Box 3530, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 11s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d., condition as new.—Box 3580, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Complete set of boxing gloves, brand new, never been used, cost 12s. 6d; accept 8s. 6d.—Box 3581, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Guinea camera, takes 12 quarter-plates; good condition; 10s. 6d., or best offer.—Box 3523, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Photography.—What offers? Guinea ¼-plate camera, dishes, and red lamp for sale; in good condition; would suit beginner.—Box 3524, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally. Treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study and leads to highest speeds; learned in twelve lessons; interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

£5 per week earned by advertisement writers; excellent opportunities for ambitious people; prospectus and full particulars post free.—Page-Davis Advertising School (Dept. 38), 9-15, Oxford Street, London, W.

CYCLES, ETC.

Gentleman's high-grade light roadster, B.S.A. 3-speed gear, Dunlop tyres, everything best, recently new, maker's guarantee given. Sacrifice £4 12s. 6d.—Box 3531, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's new cycle for sale, complete, with lamp, bell, &c.—Box 3532, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's Star bicycle, free wheel, in good condition; 30s., offer, exchange.—Box 3533, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's cycle for sale, nearly new. What offers?—Box 3534, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

Edison standard phonograph, with attachment for four-minute records, 24in. brass horn, 5 doz. four- and two-minute records; £6 lot, or exchange good bicycle.—Bowditch, 29, Archers Road, Eastleigh.

Windsor zither banjo, high-class instrument, in solid leather (brown) Reliance case; 40s..—Box 3535, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Mandoline, in case, quite new, beautiful instrument; bargain, 25s.—Box 3536, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

To Secretaries of Clubs, and others, &c.—Write for particulars of unique agency to Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 22.

Agents and others. Learn a business that will eventually make you rich. No book or medicine required. I teach you every detail for 1s.—Smith, Toton Fields, Long Eaton, Notts.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Sale, 30 £1 shares Columbia Rubber Co.; accept £26.—Box 3537, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£250 Provident bond, ballot section, £10 16s. 8d. paid in. What offers or exchange?—Box 3538, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£300 certificate British Homes, paid £58, immediate draw. What offers? Money wanted.—Box 3539, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£250 British Homes certificate, present value about £50; accept £25 for quick sale.—Box 3582, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, 50 fully-paid Christinville rubber shares, 3s. each.—Box 3583, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Stage artistes' secret, which will fix the hair in any position, promote growth, cleanse scalp; better than cosmetique; ensures smart appearance when footballing, dancing, rinking, &c.; recipe, 1s. 1d. postal order.—Syd Sley, 57, William Edward Street, Birmingham.

BEAUTIFULLY SUNBURNT HOLIDAY COMPLEXIONS (INDIAN LIQUID BRONZE), 10d., OR PARTICULARS, PENNY STAMP.—SINN, 4, PIT LANE, BRADFORD, YORKS.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 3584, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Piles, marvellous cure for; receipt P.O. 1s. 1d.—Write in first case to Box 3585, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 3586, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DOGS.

Wanted, smooth fox terrier puppy (dog), cheap.—Box 3540, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Grand red rough-coated Irish terrier dog, docked, over distemper, 15 months, clean, healthy, good guard to good home. What offers?—Box 3541, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Black curly retriever bitch, 2 years, non-slip, under perfect control, land or water; £5.—Box 3542, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Amusement.—Secure, post free, six unique Pocket Novelties, 1s. 6d.—Hyams, 19, Ellis Street, Birmingham.

125 Cigarettes, 2d. Send 2d. for coupon, blends, and particulars.—Empire Stores, 6, Norfolk Street, Sunderland.

A golden offer. Gent's tie-pin, exceptionally handsome, 1s. post free.—J. Treasure and Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Liverpool.—Gentleman, aged 25, wishes to meet friend of similar tastes and standing, view week-end walks, &c.; fond of country, boxing, motoring, &c.—Box 3520, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Astrology reveals planet's influence on courtship, marriage, business speculation, &c. Send birth-date and 1s. order for test horoscope. Two years' guide added.—Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Llandaff, Glam.

Thermos Flask, leather covered, with strap, cost 21s., accept 15s. 6d. or nearest offer; quite new, never been used.—Box 3090, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"Clenchave," the most perfect safety razor, complete in case with seven blades; 5s. post free.—Clenechave Safety Razor Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.
Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.
Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles' range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

15S. 6D. (Worth £6 6s.)—Powerful Binocular Field Glasses, 10-lens Magnification Power; brilliant definition; 60 miles' range; great depth of focus; large field of view, adjusted to the highest degree of scientific accuracy, in brown saddler-made sling case. Sacrifice 15s. 6d. Approval.

19S. 6D.—Gent's £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32S. 6D.—Military Binocular (by Lumiere), £8 8s. pair; achromatic; extra powerful; fitted with 12 finest quality crystal lenses and extending sunshades; over 60 miles' range, name of ship can be distinctly read 5 miles from shore; very clear definition; solid leather sling case; sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

Special "Modern Man" Offer!

Sept. 24.

SEND TO-DAY.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells

.... ON ....

FREE TRIAL.

We will send, post paid and free of all costs, to every reader of THE MODERN MAN in Great Britain, who will fill in the coupon below, One Pair of Sandow's world-famous Grip Dumb-bells for **Seven Days' Free Trial.**

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This CHART contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-bells.

Everyone who wishes to keep physically fit, and prevent such illnesses as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Insomnia, should immediately take advantage of testing the wonderful results derived from the use of the Dumb-bells.

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will despatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-bells you have selected. Use them FREE OF CHARGE for seven days, and at the end of that time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as your first payment, and the balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. each, equal to one p enny per day.

YOU CAN PUT THREE INCHES ON YOUR CHEST MEASUREMENT and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the GRIP DUMB-BELLS 15 minutes a day for three months.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-bells, return them to our address, and NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER WILL BE MADE.

SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELL CO.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....19.....

Gentlemen,

Please send me by return one pair* of your

Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-bells at	12s. 6d.	Suitable for age	18 and upwards.
Youth's " " "	10s. 6d.	" " "	14 to 18.
Ladies' " " "	10s. 6d.	" " "	16 upwards.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

* Please cross out sizes not required.